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LOVE'S HAND.

BY SWINBURNE.

We are in love's land to day,
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay?
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in love's land to-day;
Where shall we go?

Our land wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death,
And joys that were.
Our ballast is a rose,
Our way lies where God knows,
And love knows where;
We are in love's hand to-day.

Was She Avenged?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POWER," ETC., ETC.

IT had always been understood by the people of Pangley, that Adrian Waverham was to marry Vida Lawson, and as a proof that popular rumor was for once in a way right, their engagement was announced on the day that Adrian came of age.

Neither the Wavershams nor the Lawsons were among the greatest in the land, but they were of gentle blood, and had a right to rank as ladies and gentlemen. A Waverham and a Lawson, of their respective branches, would have been received anywhere, if they had sought to enter into this magic circle where a discriminating society lives and moves and has its being.

But the fact was they were not ambitious people. Adrian's father was content to be rector of Pangley, with such power and influence as was attached thereto; and Adrian, with a fair fortune left him by a distant relative, was equally content to remain the rector's son.

Vida had no fortune of her own, except in a charming face and figure, and a sweet, sympathetic nature that won all hearts she came in contact with. She lived with her mother, who was the widow of an Indian general, favored with the pension a grateful country bestowed upon her for her husband's services. Out of this she saved something, but, at the best, it would afford but a poor pittance for Vida, and, on that account, she was pleased with her engagement to Adrian.

But Mrs. Lawson did not admire him so much as her neighbors did. She was a far sighted woman, and, having lived abroad, knew something of human nature, and she thought she saw at times something in Adrian that was undeveloped, and when developed would not prove so pleasant as his ordinary genial manners and handsome face made him in the eyes of his friends. Nevertheless, she did not so desire to step in and put her veto upon the engagement.

The coming of age, at the rectory, was acknowledged to be a great success. The county people were handsomely entertained, and the yeomen and peasantry liberally fed. Drink was moderately abundant for the poor, and about a third of the men managed to get jovially drunk. There was only one fight, and that began and ended with one blow that laid Martin Harris, the blacksmith, on his back in the centre of a rectory bed of flowers. The man who laid him low was his own brother, also a blacksmith, and his partner in the forge, so that it was quite a family affair, and gave no trouble or concern to outsiders. Lastly, the happiness of Vida and Adrian was made perfect, or was supposed to be so.

Neither the laborious joviality of the county families, nor the boisterous mirth of the yeomen, was to the taste of the lovers; so, after luncheon, they stole away to a certain avenue of limes that led up to the church, where they were not likely to be intruded upon during the carnal festivities of the day. There they walked, Adrian holding Vida's small hand in his, and with an arm around her waist.

"I have been amused with the congratulations I have received to-day," he said. "One would think, by the manner of the swells, that we had suddenly made up our minds and dealt them an astonishing blow. Old Lady Blewton had the impertinence to ask if you had been long from home."

"Oh! that is her way," replied Vida; "and nobody minds it. She professes never to remember anything or anybody."

"And yet she has a memory that never fails," said Adrian; "especially when it refers to money owing at the card table. She must know that you have been her ever since you were a little girl, and that

thing from the first?"

"I don't know," said Vida, demurely; "nobody ever talked to me about it."

"Don't you be a humbug," returned Adrian; "you know we've been sweethearts ever since we knew each other."

"But the farmers made amends for the dulness or affected stupidity of others," said Vida, with a bright smile. "There was no imposture about them. They were not surprised. 'As if we didn't know it all along, miss,' said John Townley; and then they all laughed, as if he had uttered one of the most humorous jokes imaginable."

"But you know I hate humbug," returned Adrian, testily, "and deceit."

"And I," said Vida, quietly, "am sorry for those who practice either."

"Why, in the name of goodness?"

"Because they are all the greatest sufferers in the end."

"You really think so, do you?" said Adrian, looking into her eyes with a lover's yearning.

"I am sure of it," she replied, meeting his warm gaze with the fearlessness of confiding love.

"And if I should be deceitful to you?" he asked.

"Ah! then," she replied, gently, "we should both suffer, I fear."

And then they walked on a little way in silence.

Perhaps they had no need for words; so, secure in their seclusion, they indulged in such expressions of love as are to be found in the pressing of hands, earnest looks, and kisses sweeter than any ambrosial nectar that was ever brewed for man. By the church gate there was a rustic seat, and on this they sat down.

"By the way," said Adrian, "have you heard that we are to have a visitor at the rectory?"

"No," replied Vida, looking up with some surprise; "who is it?"

"A woman, of course!" said Adrian, smiling; "one Nicola Harden, a distant relation—my mother's mother, which, being interpreted, means my grandmother, was a Harden, and her brother was grandfather to Nicola. Now, can you make out the relationship between us?"

"It is really too much for me," said Vida.

"I felt it was too much for me from the first, and so gave it up; but that she is related to us is a fact we cannot dispute."

"Do you know her?"

"No, Vida; nor do I remember anything about her, except that I once heard she was a great swell in her way. She is an orphan, and has been under the care of an aunt, who died about three months ago. She wrote to my father, acquainting him with her story, and gently hinting that a little retirement in the country would be congenial to her feelings. My father thereupon sent her an invitation, apologising for being unable to give her any ladies' society at home."

"And she accepted?"

"Promptly, and, I may say, effusively. Her gratitude spread over four sides of the most liberally-scented paper it has ever been my lot to meet. She settled her own time for coming, and to-morrow we expect her."

"Why did she not come to-day?" Vida asked.

"Because she has not yet, to use her own expression, 'fully returned to the world'" replied Adrian; "but she enclosed her photo, so that we might know the sort of girl to expect."

"Then she is lying?" said Vida, with a

"an coldness in her tone.

; the same age as myself,

does not play

she is passably good-looking. I brought it with me for you to see."

"I do not know that I care to see it," said Vida, attempting to rise.

"Now, don't be a little goose!" replied Adrian, gently forcing her back into her seat. "The idea of being jealous of a woman neither of us have seen!"

"But I am not jealous."

"At any rate, you dislike her. But, just to please me, look at it."

He took the photograph from his pocket and gave it to her. Vida having glanced at it, could not help scanning the features, undoubtedly striking, even to a woman's eye. The mouth was small, and the lips rather full, leaning on the side of sensuality; the chin well rounded, the nose a pretty aquiline, and the eyes large and dark. She had, also, an abundance of hair, apparently black, arranged simply and gracefully about a well-formed head.

"She is very handsome," said Vida, drawing a deep breath.

After a long and earnest inspection of the picture—

"It struck me that she was a creditable member of our family," replied Adrian, lightly; "and I suppose I ought to be proud of her, remote as we are in the point of consanguinity."

"It is impossible not to admire her," said Vida, as she again rose; "but I do not think I shall like her."

"Wait and see," returned Adrian; "photos are deceivers. After all, she may be as plain as a pike-staff, with the gentle amiability that invariably accompanies the absence of beauty."

But Vida shook her head.

"She is very beautiful," she said; "but I shall not like her."

The went back to the rectory, getting over the ground at lovers' pace, which averages about half a-mile an hour; and Adrian was all a lover should be at such a time, but Vida was constrained. She could not tell why, but she was dissatisfied with Adrian, and she dreaded the coming of this handsome stranger. Yet, if she had been told that she was jealous by any other than Adrian, she would have been indignant.

Perhaps it was not jealousy after all, but only the instinctive antipathy which often arises when people of opposite natures are brought together. Vida's antipathy was, however, anticipatory.

When the country dancing had begun on the rectory lawn, and various ideas of terpsichorean art were being exhibited to a host of admiring spectators, who either could not or would not dance, old Lady Blewton, whose every joint cracked as she moved, had asked Townley, the farmer, to dance, and thought she honored and pleased him by doing so. He, who on his part, would rather have put down a five-pound note than dance at any time, was constrained on this occasion to make a guy of himself, because he did not like to refuse. The dance was the Keel Row, which is eminently calculated to make stiff-limbed people ridiculous; an exhausting affair, that tried the energies of both old and young, with a maximum of motion and a minimum of grace.

The rector, white haired, handsome, energetic and genial, was dancing also, in a quiet way, however, with a prim young lady of twelve, who thought herself on the verge of womanhood, and comported herself accordingly. Mrs. Lawson, also handsome and genial, had a heavy bucolic gentleman for a partner, and, considering that she was fifty years of age, showed a wondrous activity in keeping out of the way of his heavy, blundering feet.

"Will you dance now, Vida?" Adrian

"Not yet, I think," she replied; "the day is warm and I am tired; I will go and talk to some of the old dames. The Townley girls are not dancing—go and take pity upon them."

Adrian went, carelessly enough, but that was his manner, and Vida sat down with one of the yeomen's wives, whose years saved her from the hard labor others were undergoing. In a little time the dance ended, and Mrs. Lawson joined them.

"My dear Vida," she said, "you are not looking well. Have you been dancing too much?"

"I have not danced at all," Vida replied; "it is nothing but the heat of the day."

"I thought you were indifferent to the seasons and to the changes of the weather?"

"I need to be, but I find I am getting into years. I am an engaged woman, and will soon be launched out upon the world with a husband to take care of."

"I had forgotten that," said Mrs. Lawson, rather gravely.

The yeoman's wife had seen a friend of hers passing, and, rising, joined her, thus leaving mother and daughter together.

"Has the rector told you anything?" asked Vida, in a low tone.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Lawson replied, "he is expecting a visitor, but not with so much pleasure as he usually does when anyone is coming back to break the monotony of the rectory life."

"Did he say anything about her?"

"Only that her name was Nicola Harden, and that she had lived almost all her life in town. It was his manner more than anything else that led me to infer that the prospect of her coming was not a source of overwhelming joy."

"Adrian has her photograph," said Vida, with a slightly rising color; "and, although she is handsome, I do not like her face."

"Or Adrian having her photograph," said Mrs. Lawson, quickly.

"My dear mother, don't be absurd. Of course he has it; Miss Harden sent it to him."

"She wrote to the vicar, who took me into the library to show me her portrait, and was astonished to find it was not in the album."

"Adrian, no doubt, took it out to show it to me," said Vida, carelessly.

"Perhaps," murmured Mrs. Lawson to

herself; "but we shall know more about that anon."

CHAPTER II.

AT THE appointed time Miss Harden arrived and took Pangley by storm. Her beauty was undoubtedly, of a striking order. It caught the eye at once, and exercised a fascination over all who were not too old or too hardened to be susceptible to the charms of woman.

She was dark, with eyes that seemed to shift their color with every change of light. Some said they were dark brown, others that they were black as ebony, and many were prepared to swear they were even blue. Adrian Waverham told his father they were the eyes of a siren.

"I tell you what it is, sir," he said, "we have a town witch come down upon us, and I feel sorry for all the young fellows who come under her influence."

"Her influence, when it is felt, must be very great," replied the rector, with a look at his son, in which some little anxiety was apparent.

The rector was a great admirer of Vida, and, some said, of the mother too. There were even whisperers who asserted that he had even proposed to Mrs. Lawson, and been rejected, kindly, but firmly. The general's widow had often been heard to declare that she would never marry again, not if marriage would give her a crown.

Whether the rector proposed to her or not, it is certain that he admired her, and his handsome, genial face was often seen at the "Swallow's Nest," the house occupied by Mrs. Lawson.

It was a pretty, commodious place, in the heart of the village, and, like places of that description, the rent was moderate, not more than we have to give in the suburbs of London for a dingy, ill-built, semi-detached villa, with every inconvenience that the modern speculative builder is capable of crowding into those most undesirable residences.

The day after Miss Harden arrived Mrs. Lawson and Vida called upon her at the rectory, and found her seated in the drawing-room, with the composed air of one who has been mistress of the place for years. Her dark eyes surveyed Vida with some curiosity, and her manner was

"So kind of you to call so soon," she said; "and you do not seem strange to me. Adrian has been telling me all about you."

Adrian already, thought Vida, with a rebellious feeling within her. This cool and collected manner of the town-bred girl, with an assumption of superiority, was particularly distasteful to her; but Vida had good breeding to support her, and answered prettily enough—

"Adrian would naturally try to entertain you with a description of people," she said; "and he would not say anything unkind."

"Not of you," said Nicola, with an arch look; "but he can be sarcastic when he pleases."

"It may be that you have developed in him a latent talent in that direction," said Vida; "I have never seen it."

Here Mrs. Lawson, seeing a cloud rising, "no bigger than a man's hand," but, possibly a precursor of a storm, interposed, and asked Vida some common-place question about what was going on in town; so the conversation drifted in the ordinary tone, and, after some twenty minutes' stay, Vida and Mrs. Lawson took their leave.

Nicola Harden was young, but already a woman of the world. She came out at seventeen, and from that hour made the object of her life the captivation of men. It mattered little whether they were single or married, engaged or free—all were fish that came to her net, and once caught she thought no more of them.

Vida's momentary forgetfulness, and the look and tone in which she suggested that Nicola had probably developed Adrian's sarcastic powers, had been observed and were not forgotten. When left alone, Nicola thought over that part of the interview, and smiled.

Pretty, unsophisticated and jealous, she mused on, probably with deep feelings hidden somewhere about her. "Is it worth my while to find them out? I think I could do so, though Adrian, who is but a boy and pliable— Life down here would be dull enough, I dare say, and it may serve to relieve the monotony of it. What shall I do? Wait; I will think of it. It would amuse me to see this country-bred chit in a dreadful passion. I wonder what she would do if I took away her lover?"

Miss Harden did not stay then to think it out, for the rector was in the garden, and she had him to talk over. As soon as she arrived she saw, under his well-bred courtesy, the current of something that might grow into dislike, and it was necessary to divert it from herself into another channel.

Few old men can resist a young and beautiful woman when she chooses to make herself agreeable, and the rector, always an honest admirer of the gentler sex, was not the man to hold the ground he had taken up when assailed by Nicola Harden. She had a hundred little arts to lure him from it, and in less time than it has taken to read it he had yielded to the graceful conqueror.

She had no more interest in this rector or in his labors than the man in the moon, but she affected to be so, and even went so far as to express a hope that she might be allowed to do a little of the parish visiting, a duty as congenial to her as sweeping a crossing would have been to Beau Brummel.

"You must treat me exactly as a child of your own," she said; "it will be more than kindness to do so, for I am indeed alone in the world."

The rector was touched, and reproached himself bitterly for having thought harshly of this beautiful girl. Old Lady Blewton had been his authority, she being a great authority on all love matters, and the stories of Nicola's known flirtations were not calculated to give the rector a favorable opinion of his coming guest. But now that she had arrived, she speedily scattered Lady Blewton's tittle-tattle to the four winds.

With Adrian she was as promptly successful; he was to be her brother, her protector while she stayed, and he was to give her all the time he could spare from his "very, very charming and unsophisticated fiancee." Adrian could not quarrel with this way of speaking of Vida, but he felt that it was a covert blow aimed at her. That she was innocent, pure, and simple, and there was no denying it, but he was not going to think any ill of her on that account—just yet.

Ere many days Adrian found himself in a peculiarly painful position. Being an idle man, it was only to be expected him that he would give m

Vida, but he found his

by Nicola. She detained him, or gave him any definite commissions, or set him any particular task, but he soon found himself by her side early in the morning, and detained there by some invisible power for the greater part of the day.

One evening he went to the Swallow's Nest later than usual, and, to make matters worse, he had not shown himself as he usually did during the earlier part of the day. Nicola had exerted all her skill to keep him at home, and succeeded perfectly. The details of the little arts she exercised on this occasion it is not necessary to give.

Mrs. Lawson and Vida were on the lawn sewing, and he saw at once that the accustomed warm greeting was not to be given him. Vida kept her eyes down when he took her hand and kissed her; and Mrs. Lawson, after a cool reception, took an early opportunity of slipping away.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as soon as he and Vida were alone.

"Nothing," she replied.

"Then it is more than much in little, being much in nothing!" he said, "I have never known you to be so cold to me before."

"I was wondering, when you came, if you were coming at all!" said Vida, after a pause. "I am willing to make all allowances for the fascination of your friend—"

"Vida," he interposed, "what nonsense you are talking."

"It is not nonsense!" she said, suddenly looking up, with eyes that flashed fires hitherto strange to her; "you may be blind but I am not. I told you I should not like Miss Harden, and I do not. I could never make a friend of her."

"She is anxious to make a friend of you," he said.

"It is you who are talking nonsense now, Adrian. She does not make a friend of me. We called up at the rectory and she stayed nearly half-an-hour with us; she returned our call and remained five minutes. I may not have had much experience in the world, but I know such signs as these, and I tell you that it is the object of that woman—"

"That woman! Vida—"

"Yes; I speak of her as she deserves. She is false; she is a schemer; and her object is to part us!"

"Really, Vida," said Adrian, in a remonstrative tone, that was plainly adopted in the defence of Nicola, "you have allowed your anger to blind you. I had no idea you were possessed of such a temper."

"Do you really think the show of a little proper spirit deserves to be called temper?"

"But I have never seen it in you before, Vida."

"Because it has never been roused. But I am not ashamed of it. Would you have me sit down, and patiently bear this insult that is offered me daily?"

"What insult?"

"The gift of my lover's time, when another has no further need of him!" said Vida, proudly.

"Oh! Vida."

"Is it not true? Does she not keep you dangling by her side,—a willing dangler, perhaps—during the greater part of the day? Does she not rob me of you as much as she dares at present, hoping, by-and-by, to rob me of you entirely? Five days ago I was but a girl—I am a woman now, Adrian, and you must treat me as one."

He was astonished, and sat like one dumbfounded. Vida had always been so gentle and pliable, that he had never dreamt of her rebelling against his unreasonable neglect. He believed he was helpless in the matter, and could not do less for Nicola than he had been doing. Her position was an unfortunate one, but none of his seeking, and he thought it hard that he should be blamed for the inevitable. Not being a good diplomatist, he tried to reason with her.

"Of course I know that I have neglected you," he said, "but not willingly. Nicola is a guest, and can't be quite ignored; somebody must entertain her."

"There is the rector," said Vida.

"He is conscientious with his sermons, and gives four mornings in the week to them," returned Adrian. "I should be as much tied if I had a young fellow, or an old woman, stopping with us. There is a certain duty one has to perform which we owe to guests; you tax and pain me needlessly."

"Perhaps I am foolish," said Vida, who had been fast relenting, under the power of Adrian's reasoning; "but instead of being angry you ought to be flattered!"

"Why?"

"Because if I did not miss you as I do, I

beginning of the end, and peace was made. When Mrs. Lawson returned, she found the lovers whispering together, Vida's head resting on Adrian's shoulder. But the mother was not satisfied. Strange as it may seem, she would have been better pleased if she had found them quarreling and on the eve of separation. But then, it must be remembered, she had never liked Adrian.

He stayed late, so late, indeed, that when he set out for the rectory he expected to find the place in darkness and all retired to rest.

"I shall come early to-morrow," were his last whispered words to Vida, and he sealed the promise with a fervent kiss.

How many promises have been given and sealed in a like manner, to be afterwards broken? Alas! for the record of lovers, it is full of stories of vows made and forgotten.

After he was gone, Vida and her mother sat in the drawing-room for a few minutes in silence. Each had something to say, and neither knew how to begin. Mrs. Lawson, being older and cooler, was the first to speak.

"Adrian was successful in making his excuses," she said; "and I trust you are satisfied!"

"I was so when he was with me," replied Vida, resting her hands upon the back of the chair; "but now that he is gone I am not. It seems to me that he ought to have said more."

"You feel that he is hiding something from you," said Mrs. Lawson.

"What can he have to hide from me?" asked Vida.

"Nothing that I know of. But your manner suggested that you believed he was keeping something back."

"That cannot be," said Vida, more with the air of being resolved upon a conviction than being convinced. "No; Adrian has always been open with me, and will be so to the end."

"I trust so," said Mrs. Lawson, and having heard what her daughter had to say, she held in reserve what was in her heart for the present; but she knew the time would come when she could speak freely.

Vida rose, kissed her mother tenderly, only whispering the usual "Good-night." As she slowly left the room with a dreamy air, the eyes of Mrs. Lawson filled with tears.

"Poor child!" she murmured, "he will never marry her. There is no real strength in him, and love that is lasting is not in his nature. Nicola Harden has snared him, but will she hold him? Could any woman find a place in his heart, as she ought to do—for ever?"

Mrs. Lawson, by watching and much thinking, had arrived at last at a knowledge of the weakness of Adrian's disposition. There was no real stability in the man. He was one of those beings who get along pretty well, so long as they are out of the reach of temptation. They do not seek the wrong, but when the hour comes, and the insidious note of the snarer is heard, they listen as readily and fatally as the snake does to the pipe of the charmer.

Hitherto Adrian had not been tempted to abandon his allegiance to Vida; but now the beauteous and crafty Nicola was at work, and there were rocks ahead, lying just beneath apparently placid waters.

CHAPTER III.

ALL the rectory had not retired to rest. Adrian going round by the garden, where, by means of a private door he got access to his room, saw that a light was burning in the drawing-room; and now, one of the blinds was up, revealing Nicola reclining upon a couch, in an attitude that would have answered for the forlorn maiden in a drawing-room tableau.

An unprejudiced eye would have seen that the attitude was strained and adopted for effect; but Adrian's mind was prejudiced, and he saw in her one who was grieving over the absence of somebody. Who, in this case, could that somebody be but himself?

In a moment Vida, and the pleasant evening he had been spending with her, were forgotten; and acting as all weak men do, from impulse, he tried the window, and finding it unfastened, opened it and stepped into the room. Nicola sprang up, with a lilliputian scream, meant only to reach his ears.

"Don't be alarmed," he said; "I was going by, and seeing you were alone and looking rather low-spirited, I thought I would come in."

"How foolish of me to sit up so late," she said [illegible] only [illegible] on my promising to [illegible] in a few minutes. I drew up the blind and sat looking at the moon for a time. But I felt sad and lonely, and returned here to sit and think."

It was a long explanation to give, and given in a hesitating manner, as if she wished him to understand that something was hidden behind her sadness. He accepted it as favorable to himself and it was deeply flattered.

Here again he showed his weakness. The old fable of the fox and the crow finds exemplification every day, and never more clearly than when a clever woman is moulding a pliant man to her will. Nicola resumed her seat on the ottoman, without returning to the graceful attitude indicative of loneliness and sorrow, and he took a chair near her. It was not his place to suggest any impropriety in this midnight tete-a-tete, and she did not appear to realize it. They had been playing the farce of brother and sister for several days, and why should it not be continued now?

"You must have had a very pleasant evening," she said, with a suppressed sigh; "or you would not have stayed so late."

"It did not begin pleasantly," he replied, gloomily, recalling Vida's coldness, and wondering how he had endured it so humbly; "but I suppose one must expect that sort of thing during an engagement."

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh! it doesn't matter."

"But it really does," said Nicola, pleasantly; "because, whatever it is, it has disturbed you. I have had your confidence hitherto, and I must not have any banking out now."

"It is really nothing," he said. "Vida met me as if we had been strangers, and my presence not particularly desired. She seemed to have a grievance of some sort."

"The trick of an unsophisticated girl. It is done to stimulate a laggard lover."

"But I am not a laggard lover; at least I don't neglect her, if I can help it; and it was no trick. She had a grievance."

"Indeed!" said Nicola, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes; and—but—I can't tell you."

"I know it refers to me," said Nicola, laying her slender white hand upon his arm; "if so, why keep it a secret? Who am I that I should expect everyone to think and speak well of me? Vida does

not like me--she never did from the first—and I kept aloof from her. Perhaps you blame me for that?"

"I blame you for nothing," he replied, as he looked at the long lashes that hid the downcast eyes; "I don't think I could if I had any reason to do so. Vida was very hard on you, I must say, and I was angry with you."

"You defended me?"

"Not so well as I ought to have done."

"I am glad of that," said Nicola, with another suppressed sigh: "for it would pain me very much if I came between you and your happiness."

He was looking at her closely, and the light of the lamp, though not very good, was sufficient to show him that a tear was trembling in her eye. By what power she produced that crocodile drop I cannot tell, but it was there, and it moved him strangely.

"Nicola," he said, with a huskiness in his voice, as he drew his chair nearer and took her hand, "you are hurt; I was a fool to tell you as much as I have done. Will you forgive me?"

"I do not blame you," she answered, raising her eyes for a moment, and giving him a look that sent a thrill through him; "why should I? What I suffer I deserve, like others, and--and—"

"What is the matter, Nicola?" His face was bent down, so that it was very near hers. "You are distressed."

"Oh! do not speak to me," she cried, snatching away her hand and putting it before her face; "leave me to myself, I beg of you. I—I am sorry I ever came here."

What interpretation could a man put upon such words as these, spoken at such a time and in so touching a tone? He must have been entirely without vanity if he had not interpreted them as flattering to himself. Adrian was vain, much vainer than he had ever shown himself to be, vainer than he thought himself; and as the beautiful Nicola sobbed out her regret, there came over him a feeling like to the sudden spreading of a flame.

They were alone, and he had youth's strong passion in him. Could he look upon beauty that regretted having met him, without his pulses throbbing? He trembled as he drew yet nearer to her, and sought again to clasp her hand.

"—a sorrow here? Can I not remove it? I have confided in you, give me your confidence in return."

"No, no," she said; "how can I tell you—oh! leave me! To-morrow I shall leave here, and you will soon forget me."

"Nicola," he said, passionately, "you shall not go."

"But I must; I stand between you and Vida. Against my will, I know—but I have done so. No, no; you must not say anything to me to-night. Let me go."

"Nicola, dearest," he said, with every word trembling on his tongue ere he uttered it; "you have come between nothing more than myself and a mistake; I thought I loved Vida until you came."

"Adrian!"

"You must hear me out. I cannot let you go with what is in my heart. I thought I loved her until you came, and then a doubt, that became afterwards a certainty, sprang up in my heart: I fought against it, but it has conquered, Nicola—my darling, my beautiful Nicola—I love you."

"Adrian," she said, drawing back and lifting her dark eyes again to his, "do you know what you say? What will those around you think if you are false to her?"

"Better be false to her now than false by-and-by," he replied, despondingly.

"This is some whim of yours, a jest, and I do not thank you for it. I do not love Vida. We are not friends nor ever could be, and I am not hypocrite enough to profess any regret for her; but have you thought of me?"

"Of you?" he said, wonderingly.

"Yes, of me, Adrian," she said, mournfully. "What may be a jest to you may end in great agony for me. We are almost strangers, and yet you tell me that you love me while you are engaged to one who will make you a good, simple wife, and have known for many years. It is a jest."

"By Heaven!" he cried, with his face lighted up with the passion of the moment, and every vein in his forehead visibly throbbing, "it is no jest. From the hour we met I have loved you. Beside you Vida grows pale, like lamp by the light of day. I did not mean to be false to her, but, loving you, is it not better that I should break with her at once. Nicola, do not say that you despise my love."

"I cannot say that, Adrian."

"Say that you will accept it," he whispered, as his arm stole around her waist; "give me hope that when you know me better you may give me some return."

"Adrian, I shall never love you better than I do now."

It was true enough what she said. Her heart had no more love in it than she had shown. It was a poor, pulseless thing, so filled with self that it had no room for the image of another; but he, poor fool was transported with delight, and pressing his lips to hers, called her his own,—his own."

"I think I have now given that mincing puss a return for her disdain for me," thought Nicola, even while she, with consummate art, softly returned the caresses of Adrian, and he, intoxicated with joy, had no thought for anything beyond the ecstacy of the hour.

"I will speak to my father to-morrow," he said, as they were parting; "it cannot be known too soon."

"And should he refuse his consent?" she said.

"I am my own master, and can do as I please; all the world should not lead or turn me from you."

Another caress, another whispered word, and they separated, Adrian with a brain on fire, and Nicola, the heroine of many conquests, as calm as if she had parted for a few hours from a brother.

She had carefully weighed the result of a marriage with Adrian, and found that it would do. Her flirtations in town had become so notorious, that the hope of a husband from there was gone. She had very little money, having been spending both capital and interest as fast as she could, and Adrian was the possessor of a fortune.

"Yes," she said, as she stood before the glass in an attitude of triumph, "it will do. Of course there will be a hubbub, and the rector may fight. Miss Pussy will, of course, do nothing but cry, but I have my bird well within the net. I win the game, and a fig for the thoughts and words of others!"

CHAPTER IV.

AWAKENING in the morning after a night of fitful sleep, Adrian found himself in a position most unenviable. The clear morning light laid bare [illegible] he had to face, for a lovely beautiful woman, who, he believes, loves him, he was most wretched.

He did not lack courage of a sort that would be of some help to him. For the opinion of the common run of people in the village cared little; but there was the rector to fear, and Vida to be disposed of, and the prospect of meeting with either made him quail.

In the case of the rector it was fear that troubled him; but, with regard to Vida, the preponderating emotion was shame. He tried to show that he had acted for the best, and, severe as the blow must be, he was sure it was all for the best. Better now than by-and-by for him to learn that that he did not really love her.

But the morning brought with it a question. Did he really love Nicola, and was she in any way superior to Vida? Her fascination had great power, but with Vida there was a gentle charm that grew and grew upon people, until she held their hearts as the ivy holds the trunk of a tree. Unfortunately for Adrian he had little heart to hold, and Vida had never thought of winding herself about his vanity as Nicola had skilfully done.

"I can't go back now," he said, as he brushed his hair savagely; "confound the women; what a mess they get fellows into! I've a good mind to bolt away from the whole business."

But he knew that he could not do that, having completed his toilet, he went down to breakfast. The rector was there, but Nicola was having a cup of tea in her room, being troubled with one of those convenient headaches people are afflicted with on needful occasions. This was a good move on her part. It prevented the awkwardness of an early morning meeting, always a failure after a rhapsodical evening, and it gave Adrian an opportunity of speaking to his father.

He had reason to perceive that the opportunity was given him, and he availed himself of it in a blundering sort of way, while the rector listened with amazement and indignation depicted on his face.

"Do I understand you correctly," he said, when Adrian had finished; "you wish to break off your engagement with Vida and to marry Nicola?"

"That is so, sir," Adrian replied, toying with an egg, and keeping his eyes upon his plate.

"I presume that Nicola is aware of your intentions?"

"I have already obtained her consent."

The good rector leaned back in his chair and looked straight at his son. The revelation was amazing, incredible almost to him, but he could not doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Adrian," he said, speaking with repressed agitation, "have you thought well of this step?"

"I have acted, sir," Adrian replied.

"And what do you think the world will say?"

"I am indifferent to the world's opinion, sir."

"But what does your conscience say?"

"That I have acted for the best," said Adrian, half defiantly.

There was a pause. Adrian made an effort to go on with his breakfast, and the rector sat regarding him with the intent look of one who is endeavoring to understand something problematical and painful.

"You are determined, I perceive, on giving up Vida," he said, at length.

"I promised to do so last night," Adrian answered, "and I will not go from my word."

"As a minister of religion," said the rector, rising, "I must not, dare not express what I feel; but I may say this much without acting unbecomingly to my cloth,—I am ashamed of you. You have been guilty of a most dastardly, cowardly thing, and I—I—am ashamed of you."

"I must endeavor to survive your being ashamed of me, sir," replied Adrian, pale to the lips; "but I cannot marry both the women. I cannot retreat from either without dishonor, I know, but I think I have chosen for the best."

"Your are making for yourself a bed of thorns," the rector said. "Oh! my son, why did you do this bitter thing?"

"I obeyed the promptings of my heart, sir," Adrian replied.

"Heart!" cried the rector, pacing to and fro, "there is no heart, in such a crime as this. You can have none—Miss Harden can have none. I blush for her womanhood; I cannot see her again. She must not remain here; but I forget that I am a clerk in holy orders—and a gentleman."

"I pray that Nicola will shorten her [illegible] convenience," said [illegible] should omit the [illegible] yourself either as a clergyman or a gentleman."

"I can scarcely believe that I am speaking to the Adrian I knew and loved but yesterday," said the rector, with anguish in his eyes; "you are so changed. This woman is a witch, and has changed you from an honorable man to a dastard!"

"Hard words, sir," said Adrian, looking at him with a frown.

"What better title can you lay claim to?" demanded the rector, now fast sinking the clergyman in the indignant father. "Think of the years you have known Vida; of the hopes you built up and confirmed but the other day——"

"I'll think of nothing, sir," said Adrian, rising and moving towards the door, "except that Nicola Harden has promised to be my wife, and shall be made so when it pleases her. I put aside all thought or care for others in the matter. She will leave here to-day without a doubt; and if it is your desire that I should leave too, I shall be pleased to accede to your wishes. If you have anything to say to me, I shall be in my own room until ten o'clock."

"Heaven keep you—and me!" was all the rector said; and Adrian left him with his new-found love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in Nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of paternal love. Think it not a weariness. Teach your children to love, to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents, their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by strong cords. You can not make them too strong.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ONEIDAN.—Oneida was the name of an Indian tribe. The word means "The People of the Beacon Stone," there being a tradition that in all their wanderings they were followed by a certain great stone that took up its station on the highest hill in the neighborhood.

GLOVES.—A glove with the Germans is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they were shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feathered cattle," whilst the names for the well-known substances oxygen and hydrogen are in their language "sour stuff" and "water stuff."

NIAGARA.—One hundred million tons of water pour over Niagara Falls every hour. This is said to represent sixteen million horse power. Some idea of this enormous amount of water may be had by understanding that the coal produced in the world would not make enough of steam to pump a stream of equal size.

THE MAID AND THE MOON.—In Roumania, as elsewhere, the moon is the maiden's chief confidante in affairs of the heart. A properly constituted Roumanian damsel will on no account omit to hail the new moon with the following invocation: "New Queen! In health thou has found me, in health leave me. Thou hast found me unwed; leave me with a handsome husband at my side."

RAIN TREE.—In one of the Canary Islands there is a tree of the laurel family that rains down occasionally in the early morning quite a copious shower of tears or water drops from its tufted foliage. This water often collects at the foot of the tree and forms a kind of pond, from which the inhabitants of the neighborhood can supply themselves with a drinkable beverage that is absolutely fresh and pure.

SONGS OF BIRDS.—With any glass tube whatever, it is possible to reproduce the song of a bird. It suffices to rub the tube lengthwise with a piece of wet cork. In order to imitate the song of a bird, the cork must be move with varying rapidity, now slowly, now rapidly, and abrupt stoppage must intervene. This experiment can be made more simply by rubbing an ordinary bottle with a piece of cork.

There is a legend that St. John kept a tame partridge as a pet. Whether or not this was the case, the bird appears in many of the pictures of the apostle and sacred subjects generally, by painters of the Venetian school. The story goes that while St. John was feeding and playing with the partridge one day, a passing huntsman expressed surprise at finding so old and venerable a man thus occupied. The apostle inquired if the huntsman always kept his bow bent. "By no means," was the reply; "it would become useless if I did so." "Well," answered the saint, "if you unbend your bow to prevent it from being useless, I unbend my mind in this way for the same reason."

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE BUSH BROKE.—One day, while a Peruvian goatherd was tending his flock, he had to go after a few stray members of it. In climbing up a steep bank he seized a bush to give him a better hold, but the bush gave way and brought to light a vein of pure silver. Keeping the fact of this discovery to himself, the man grew wealthy and became nicknamed "the Rich;" but he took a friend into his confidence, by whom his secret was betrayed to the Spaniards. They opened a mine on the spot, and registered it on the 21st of April, 1545. This was the beginning of the famous mines of Potosi, which are said to have yielded from first to last as much as three hundred and fifty millions sterling of silver.

COBRA CATCHERS.—Although the cobra is one of the most poisonous of snakes, many of the natives of India regard the catching of the serpent as a kind of sport. Armed with a bamboo cane about six feet long, split to the first knot, or joint, and with a wedge inserted to keep the split sides apart, like a fork, they set out for some cobra-infested spot. When they have succeeded in tracking a snake in its hole, they place some rice and milk near the opening. By-and-by the snake comes out after the bait, but before it knows anything of its danger, the man brings down the cane and fastens the animal's head to the ground between the forks. A blow on the head kills the creature at once. It is then taken home and skinned, the skin being worth a couple of shillings. The body is next buried in the earth, where the ants clean the skeleton in a very short time. The bones are then threaded on wire in their proper order and sold at a good price as a curiosity.

WEARINESS.

BY E. W. L.

Oh little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
  Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
  Am weary, thinking of your road.

Oh little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long—
  Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
  Am weary, thinking of your task.

Oh little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light;
  Direct from heaven—their source divine,
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
  How lurid looks this soul of mine!

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SILAS FLETCHER was in evening dress. His face was almost as white as his shirt front, his eyes gleamed as if they reflected the yellow and greenish light from his diamond studs; his mouth, never very handsome at the best of times, was distorted by the jealous rage which tortured him.

He had come in so quietly that neither Madge nor Lord Norman had heard him, and Madge's faint cry at the sound of his voice was expressive of surprise as well as fear and—well, something like self reproach.

For in her great joy and happiness she had completely forgotten Mr. Silas Fletcher! Now she stood, grasping Lord Norman's arm in her alarm and consternation, and gazing at Silas as if he were a ghost—and a remarkably unpleasant one.

At Silas' threatening word Norman started, and his bright eyes flashed over Mr. Silas' unprepossessing face and form.

"Who is this—man?" he asked of Madge.

And at [illegible] uses when he is speaking to, or of, his inferiors, Silas' ugly face grew of brickdust hue, and he ground his teeth.

"It is Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Silas Fletcher," Madge just found strength to reply. "He—he is a friend—oh, Mr. Silas, if you knew"—she began clasping her hands.

"I know quite enough, thanks," he broke in with a sneer. "I've been standing here longer than you think. I was outside, too. Yes, I'm 'a friend,' and you'd have only spoken the truth if you'd added 'a good friend.' I should like to know what you'd have done without me——"

Madge hung her head and sighed, not only with remorse, but with pity; for, like a good and tender-hearted woman, she remembered, in the midst of her own joy and happiness, that this man loved her, and must needs be miserable. A man must be very bad to make a woman forget that he has loved her. His love for her will cover a multitude of sins from her eyes.

So she sighed and hung her head, but Norman Lechmere blazed out—

"What does he say? What does he mean? Silas Fletcher? Silas Fletcher? Why, this is the man—the boy—I thrashed in the garden that day! Is it not?"

This added fuel to the fire that raged in Silas Fletcher's breast, and he turned his small eyes malignantly on the handsome face, but only for a moment.

"Yes; I've been a true friend," he said, still addressing Madge, and with the same bitter sneer; "and this is how you repay me! I might have guessed it. You women are all alike; and you pretended saints are worse than the others. I suppose you have forgotten—forgotten!—the promise you gave me. I suppose you'll say now that you didn't make any promise—that you're not engaged to me——"

"No, no!" faltered Madge, almost inaudibly. "I—I did not promise! I could not! I did try. Oh, forgive me, Norman!" and she hid her face for a moment on his bosom. "He—he has been very kind to us—to grandfather—very, very kind! He is right. I do not know what we should have done if he had not helped us! There was no one else in the world. I—I thought that you had—had forgotten me, and threw me aside—oh, how blind, blind I was; and he came and helped us! And—and when he asked me if—if I would be his wife"—she tried to draw her hand from Norman's, but he held it firmly, though his face was very dark, and his eyes rested ominously on Silas Fletcher's—"I—I told him that I would try to bring myself——"

"And so you would," interrupted Silas with an evil laugh; "so you would, trust me! if—if this gentleman hadn't turned up."

She raised her head and looked at him—a look which, though it seemed mild enough, made him wince.

"No," she said in a whisper; "I know now that I could not have done it, if my life—if his—had depended on it!"

Silas Fletcher emitted a kind of snarl.

"Yes, you can say so, now; now that you've got a second string to your bow—now that you've hooked a lord and a richer man than myself—as you think—"

Norman put Madge gently from him.

"That will do, Mr. Fletcher," he said grimly, and with a catch in his breath. "I have no desire to throw you out of the window, but another word or two of that sort and I shall be compelled to do so. I quite understand. You have taken advantage of some small services you have rendered Miss Gordon—or rather her grandfather—to extort a half promise from her. It is the kind of thing such men as you invariably do. I suppose you have induced Miss Gordon to accept a loan——"

"I—I thought—he said—it was money advanced on grandfather's book," faltered Madge.

"What book?" said Norman. "No matter, I can see it all. Very well, Mr. Silas Fletcher. Whatever money you have advanced under false pretences shall be returned to you with full interest. And now I think that is all that need be said. Good evening," and he pointed to the door sternly.

Silas Fletcher's lips writhed.

"Oh, no, it isn't," he said with a sneer. "There's a lot more yet to be said. You and me and Madge——"

"Be good enough to speak of her as Miss Gordon," said Norman, his nostrils dilating as significantly as his hands closed.

"—— have got to come to an understanding," went on Mr. Silas. "If you [illegible] you're going to dispose of

[illegible] easy style you make it [illegible] country yokel; I'm used to [illegible] ing with sharper men than you every day in the week."

"I have no doubt," said Norman. "Be so good as to confine your dealings with them and leave us alone. In a word, Mr. Fletcher, if you do not leave this room of your own accord I shall pitch you out of the window into your native gutter."

He took a step forward, and Mr. Silas shrank slightly; but Madge clung to Norman.

"No, no, Norman! Be patient! Oh, be patient!"

"You're right, Mad—Miss Gordon," snarled Silas. "He'd best be 'patient,' as you call it, or it will be the worse for him. I take my oath if he lays a finger on me I'll the police and give him up."

A faint cry of fear escaped Madge's lips, and she clung still more tightly to Norman.

"Hush, dearest," he said in a low voice. "The fellow can do me no harm! Be calm!"

"Oh, can't I?" sneered Mr. Silas. "I fancy I can. You seem to forget that you've escaped from custody, that you've been arrested for robbery and attempted murder, Mr. Harold Thane."

Norman looked at him steadily.

"You are a bad actor, Mr. Silas," he said quietly. "The tone of your voice gives the lie to your words. I know that you recognize me, that you know I am Norman Lechmere, the man who, when a boy, thrashed you at the Chase, and who will thrash you to a better purpose if you are not out of his sight very quickly."

"I know who you are well enough," returned Silas coolly. "I knew you the moment I saw you."

Madge drew a sharp breath.

"Norman! He will be a witness for you! He says he knew you the moment he came into the room here to-night! Oh, be patient with him! Think how much depends upon his good-will! Mr. Fletcher, I—I ask you to forgive me! Indeed—indeed I would have liked you if I could have done so, but"—she hid her face again—"I have loved him ever since that day in the small garden. Oh, forgive me and have pity on me! I—I love him so dearly."

It was an unwise form of appeal to such a man as Silas Fletcher. His sallow face grew almost green.

"I'll have as much pity as you like if we come to—to a proper arrangement," he said sullenly. "Why don't you think of me a bit and have pity on me? Haven't I—I loved you—don't I love you still? Why should I be left out in the cold? Why should I be thrown overboard the moment this man turns up? No! His fate rests in your hands, Madge. You shall decide what becomes of him."

Norman opened his lips to speak, but Madge laid her small trembling hand on them.

"No! no, Norman! Listen to what he has to say. Go on, Mr. Silas. It rests with me?"

"Yes, it does," he assented sullenly, his small eyes drooping, his mean figure seeming to become still meaner. "You stick to your promise to me, and give him his dismissal, and I'll let him go."

Norman started, but Madge still kept him silent with soothing whispers and caresses. All her woman's wits were strained and on the alert. Love makes the sweetest, gentlest girl a tigress on occasions the most innocent and guileless a tigress and a fox. She was both at this moment.

"I'll do more than that," Silas went on, in a low, slow voice. "I'll—I'll stand by him. You were right when you said I was a good witness for him. I knew him at once—not when I met him here, but when I saw him at the Chase the other night."

Madge started.

"At—at the Chase?" she retorted.

Silas nodded.

"Yes." He glanced at Norman gloatingly. "You little thought—you and the other one—that there was someone outside the smoking-room door the other night, but there was, and the someone was myself. I saw and heard the whole business."

Madge drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction.

"You saw—heard it all!" she exclaimed.

"He heard me accuse Harold Thane of his crimes, his imposture, and his confession," said Norman quietly.

Silas nodded.

"Yes," he said. He dropped into a chair and leant forward, his small eyes going from one face to the other with cunning watchfulness. "Give her up——"

Norman started, and up went his hand; [illegible] Madge caught it and held it against her palpitating bosom.

"Give her up," repeated Mr. Silas, after wincing, "and I'll go into the witness-box and swear to all I heard and saw. It will settle the whole thing. He's a gone coon, and you step into your own without another bit of trouble. My evidence—not to be shaken, mind you, and quite without a motive—would be quite sufficient; and there's nothing he could bring to refute it. Give her up and let her stand by her word to me, and—there you are!"

Norman's face, dark with scorn, flashed into a smile, more biting in its contempt than a torrent of words.

"Thank you, Mr. Fletcher!" he said. "And you consider yourself a sharp man! Why," he laughed, "the meanest scamp out in the streets there would be 'outer. I am to relinquish Miss Gordon to your tender mercies as the price of your assistance? To-morrow a solicitor shall serve you with a subpœna, and place you in the witness-box without any price, excepting the usual witness' fee, and we will wring the truth out of you. Get out of my sight!"

Silas smiled up at him cunningly.

"Don't trouble about the subpœna," he said, showing his teeth. "I shall go into the box in any case. Refuse my terms and I go into it to swear that I heard you threaten to charge Lord Norman with being Harold Thane; that I heard you try to levy blackmail upon him; that he pretended to yield only to lure you out into the hall—and where are you now, Mr. Harold Thane?"

Madge cried out with a sudden horror and terror at the malignant completeness of Mr. Silas' ingenuity; and even Norman himself stood appalled at the open avowal of such villainy.

"You will do this?" he said quietly. "You will perjure your soul——"

"I'll perjure my soul, I'll it to the Evil One himself, rather than lose her!" Silas ground out, stretching over the table and pointing to Madge; and in the shameless avowal there was something almost approaching grandeur. Norman looked at him steadily, as one faces a desperate beast who may spring and strike his poisonous fangs into your throat at any moment. "I would do anything, I tell you, rather than lose her, or let you have her. Why shouldn't I? I love her as well as you do——"

Norman felt Madge shudder as she pressed close to him.

"Don't tremble, dearest," he whispered. "There is nothing to fear."

"I give you five minutes to decide," said Silas hoarsely. "Let her decide, too. It's her business. Your future lies in her hands. She can put you back in your place, make you a viscount, the future Earl of Chesney, or turn you into Harold Thane, the bushranger, and send you into penal servitude for life—penal servitude! Why, it may mean this, for all I know!" And he made a hideous gesture round his neck.

Madge uttered a cry of horror and loathing.

"Oh, no!" she panted. "I—I have decided. He will give me up! Norman, it—it must be! What can we do? Oh, what can we do? Nothing, nothing! You are in his power! I—I can save you, and I alone; and I will, I must do it!"

Her white face was turned up to him as she strained him to her throbbing heart, the tears rained down her face, her whole frame quivered with sobs. The room span round before Norman's eyes, a wild sea surged in his ears at the sight of her agony; but Mr. Silas sat unmoved, gloating over the scene which proved his power.

Norman found his voice at last.

"Hush, hush, dear," he said in a low voice. "You don't know what you are saying! Don't let him hear you—see you like this! Even if my life depended on it you know that we could not purchase it on such terms! Come, Madge, Madge!" and he drew her round so that she was hidden from Silas Fletcher's devouring eyes.

"Well?" demanded Silas after an awful pause.

Norman looked over his shoulder as if he had forgotten his presence.

"For heaven's sake go at once!" he said almost meekly, imploringly. "I cannot hold my hand much longer! If you value your miserable life get out of my reach safely while you can."

Silas set his teeth hard.

"Very well," he said—hissed rather, "I've given you your chance, both of you. I'll have the police on your track in half an hour, Thane."

And in turn [illegible] the door Mr. Gordon [illegible] the awful import of their words the three had spoken in quite low and even hushed tones, and he had not been disturbed.

At sight of Silas the old man smiled and sat up.

"How do you do, Mr. Silas?" he quavered gently, but with an eager light flickering in his eyes. "You've brought us some news of the book? How—how is it going on? It seems a long time. I—I think I ought to have had proofs before this. I'm afraid you'll think I'm very troublesome; but I'm—I'm anxious. Authors"—he smiled apologetically—"authors always are an impatient, irritable tribe." He turned his eyes with a pathetic smile on Lord Norman. "It's my great work on botany, Mr.—Mr.—I have forgotten your name, sir."

Silas glowered malignantly at the wan, wasted face.

"D——n your book!" he snarled. "You'll wait a precious long time if you wait till you hear anything of that. Why, you old fool, I burnt it weeks ago; burnt it to ashes, every page of it, the night you gave it to me."

Mr. Gordon looked at him, still with the pathetic smile, for a second or two; then it waned slowly, and with a cry of unutterable grief he covered his face with his shaking hands.

This was the last straw. Norman put Madge's arms from him, sprang forward, and seized Silas as one catches a bundle of straw or a sack of shavings. Silas uttered a yell of terror; then, as Madge shut her eyes, she heard a dull thud as of a body falling and striking against the stairs, followed by a profound silence.

But a moment or two afterwards there came a groan or two, a dragging step, and then the opening and shutting of the street door.

She turned to Norman and clung to him with one hand as she knelt beside the heart-broken old man.

"Fly, fly, Norman! Oh, go! Go! Oh, my love, my love, if I could only take your place! If I could only die for you!"

He knelt beside her, and took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, solemnly.

"Good-bye, dearest," he whispered. "All looks very black at present; but don't let us lose heart."

His words seemed to go through her with the force of fire.

"No!" she said, her eyes fixed on his with a look that sank into his heart. "No,

Norman! God is good! Too good and just to let him triumph over us! Go now. Good-bye, once more, dearest. Now—now go!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE following evening Harold Thane sat in his smoking den at Chesney Chase; that is to say, he sat for a few minutes then as if something sharp had penetrated the back of the chair, he would start up and pace the room, his handsome face haggard and drawn, his bloodshot eyes fixed on the carpet with a harassed stare.

The guests had gone; it is wonderful how soon such a party melts away from a house when the gaiety is smitten silent by some trouble. The great house was silent and gloomy. The whole county was talking of the strange scene which had been enacted in the drawing-room, and discussing the extraordinary charge which Lord Norman had brought against the man who bore so remarkable a resemblance to him, and the news of the prisoner's escape had added fuel to the fire of excitement.

The old constable had discovered the flight on visiting the cell with the prisoner's breakfast, and had been so alarmed on his own account that, instead of announcing the escape and procureing skilled assistance, he had gone off in pursuit by himself, hoping to recover the prisoner, and keep his intended flight a secret; and it was not until the evening that the constable—"the village idiot," as he was immediately and for ever afterwards dubbed—made his appearance at the Chase with the tidings of the prisoner's disappearance.

Harold Thane was furious, and in the middle of a storm of invective declared that he would telegraph for a London detective; but, as his passion cooled, he began to consider the situation. It was just possible that Lord Norman had realized the strength of Harold Thane's "hand" in the game, and that he had for a time, at any rate, decided to refrain from asserting his claim.

Anyway, Harold Thane felt afraid to pursue him. He wanted time to consider all sides of the position—time to decide whether he would fight to the bitter end or take refuge in flight.

"You are a scoundrel, I'm inclined to give you a chance," he said to the constable with feigned magnanimity. "You deserve to be kicked out of the force for an old imbecile, and you would be if this cursed piece of carelessness were to reach head-quarters; but I'll give you a chance. Go and question that sculptor fellow at the inn, the man's master, and wire down the line. Do anything you like, and let me know the instant you get on his track. And keep your stupid mouth shut to anyone else. Get out!"

The constable "interviewed" Mr. Gerard, but it need scarcely be said, with no result. Mr. Gerard, sitting quietly smoking beside the inn fire, was as difficult to "draw" as a badger, and in a very few minutes succeeded in adding to the constable's mental confusion and helplessness.

"Do I know anything about him?" he wound up in answer to the wretched old man's piteous inquiry. "Not I, and if I did I don't know that, should tell you. I'm not going to be dragged into a police case, even to please Lord Lechmere; and you can tell him so. But, no, you need not trouble. I'll tell him myself." And he scrawled a short note, stating that he had employed "Harry Richmond" without a character and in ignorance of his antecedents; and added that, as Lord Lechmere was, no doubt, too much upset for the present to feel much interest in the bust, he would be glad to learn that Mr. Gerard was summoned to town on urgent business, and would have to postpone Lady Sybil's statuette for an indefinite period.

Then he calmly packed his portmanteau and returned to town.

During the three days Lord Norman was making his way to London, Harold Thane, the imposter, saw no one. His state of mind can be more easily imagined than described. Suspense is worse than the certainty of ill; and the kind of suspense which he endured in the silence of the den he had made for himself was so intense that at times he felt as if he were going mad. He had not even ventured to see Lady Sybil, who had driven over with her mother the morning after Harry Richmond's arrest, for he felt as if she could not fail to read the truth in his haggard face and faltering voice. But though he dared not see her, it was of her he thought most all through the dragging hours of the day and night. Not only would he lose his stolen rank and wealth, but the woman he loved, if the man he had so foully plundered and wronged should succeed in proving his crimes and bringing him to justice.

"If I had only married her!" he said to himself a thousand times a day. "If I had only made her mine! I would not have cared what happened then. Richmond"—it was singularly how persistently, even in his own mind, he refused Lord Norman his title; he, the impostor, had almost come to believe the name he had stolen his rightful one—"Richmond might take everything else, so long as I had her. With her for my wife—my beautiful empress, my queen of women!—I could begin the world afresh; I'd make a fortune for her; I'd—I'd make a place for myself—a place even she'd be proud to share."

Every now and then, as he sat huddled up in the chair or paced the room, he murmured her name with all, and perhaps more of, the passion which most good men are capable of.

The night closed in, the quietude of the house intensified. He rang the bell and hastily bade Robins bring in the lamps. But when it came, and after he had mixed himself another glass of brandy and soda, in which the spirit predominated, he turned the lamp low, cursing his burning eyes, and carefully relocked the door.

Nearly every hour he fancied that Harry Richmond was outside and just about to knock, and if he chanced to fall asleep he woke and sprang up from a dream in which he had gone through the whole of the scene which had occurred between him and Lord Norman four nights ago.

After this last brandy and soda his spirits had risen somewhat, and he was beginning to view the prospect a little more cheerfully.

"After all," he muttered, "my word is as good as his, and I have the proofs! I am in possession; I have been recognized, acknowledged. Let him do his worst! I'll beat him! Yes, I'll send him to penal servitude if he interferes with me again! And he knows I can do it, or why does he stay away? Why doesn't he fight it out like a man? Curse him! he's a coward after all! Yes, I'll face the worst."

[illegible] upstairs and dress himself, and go over to Sybil. She must wonder why he had kept away from her, must be growing anxious that the illness, which he had given as an excuse for his seclusion, was something serious.

He brushed the hair from his forehead, drained the glass, and walked to the door, opening on to the hall. But before he could unlock it, he heard a tap at the garden door behind him, and, with all his fictitious courage melting like snow under a June sun, he stopped short, and gazed apprehensively at the door. He concluded at once that it must be Lord Norman, and he leapt towards the bell to summon help. Then he paused, and, going to the door, managed to control his voice sufficiently to ask—

"Who's there?"

"It's I, Silas Fletcher," came the answer. Harold Thane drew a breath of relief, and wiped the sweat from his brow, but some moments elapsed before he could find sufficient courage to open the door; and then he did so cautiously, peering into the darkness, as if he dreaded to see Lord Norman behind Silas Fletcher.

"Is it you, Mr. Fletcher?" he said, with an attempt at carelessness. "Are—are you alone?"

"Quite, my lord," said Silas, as he entered.

Harold Thane eyed him at first suspiciously, and then with surprise, for Mr. Silas' usually "plain" face was "colored" by an ugly bruise over the eye and a strip of plaster across his nose. Thane noticed, also, that he walked with a decided limp.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "What have you done to your face?"

Mr. Silas reddened, and scowled sideways at his questioner.

"I've had an accident," he said moodily. "I happened to—to fall downstairs."

"And you are lame, too?"

"Yes," he snarled. "I—I hurt my leg at the same time. You don't look very well, either, my lord," he added, scanning the haggard face, with its swollen lips and bloodshot eyes.

Thane colored, very much as Silas had done.

"I have been rather upset since—since the other night," he said. "I suppose you have heard all the particulars, and that the scoundrel has escaped."

Silas nodded, and, without waiting to be requested to do so, sank into a chair.

Thane noticed the action, and the air of covert insolence with which it was done, and eyed the ugly face resentfully.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Fletcher?" he said.

Silas nodded.

"Yes, my lord," he said. "Is that brandy on the table? I should like a little. It's chilly to-night, and I'm not quite the thing. Don't trouble, I'll help myself."

"I was not going to trouble," said Thane haughtily.

Silas grinned as he poured out some spirit and tossed it off.

"I'll take a cigar, too," he said, and he helped himself to a choice Cubana.

As he lit it he watched with half-closed eyes Harold Thane's face, and the resemblance to the real Lord Norman struck him and puzzled him.

"Perhaps you will state your business at once," said Thane, with cold displeasure. "I am engaged this evening, and was just going out when you knocked."

"There is no hurry, my lord," said Silas; "I came to give you some information respecting the scoundrel—you said 'scoundrel,' didn't you?—who tried to rob you, and who escaped the other night."

Thane winced.

"You have heard of him? he said, with an affectation of eagerness. "Have they got him? Where is he?"

"I don't know," said Silas. "You'd like to have him retaken, of course, my lord?"

"Of course," said Thane, with a forced smile. "So would you if you were in my place, I should say, Mr. Fletcher."

"Oh, no I shouldn't," said Silas coolly. "I should prefer to let him go, as the girl said of the mouse."

Thane started.

"What do you mean?" he said haughtily.

Mr. Silas laughed openly, without a trace of concealment.

"If I were in your place, I should like Harry Richmond at one end of the world while I was at the other."

Thane stared at him suspiciously.

"You use strange language, Mr. Silas Fletcher," he began; but Silas cut him [illegible] into the tempered, his ugly face [illegible] hand, the cigar in the other, he looked full into Thane's eyes.

"You think so," he said, with insolent nonchalance. "Not at all; when you consider that I was outside the door the other night, when Harry Richmond—I beg your pardon—Lord Norman was here."

Thane started and fell back, clutching the table to prevent himself from falling.

"You? You were at the door?" he said huskily.

Mr. Silas nodded and sipped his grog, keeping his small eyes upon the livid, terror-stricken face.

"Yes. You must have forgotten to look it that evening, Mr. Thane—beg pardon, Lord Norman. Anyhow, I was there, and I saw and heard the whole business. I know the whole truth. I know who you are, and who he is. I saw the whole thing, and I must say you cut a poor figure! But I don't blame you. I should have done the same if I'd been in your place. He's a hard nut to crack, isn't he?"

Thane had sunk into a chair, and hidden his face in his hands. A silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock, followed.

At last the haunted man let his hand drop.

"What are you going to do?" he said, hoarsely.

"That depends," replied Mr. Silas, cheerfully. He had suffered so much humiliation at Lord Norman's hands in Harding street the preceding night that this sensation of having someone at his feet was extremely pleasant. "It depends on you," he said. "I haven't made up my mind yet. Personally I don't care a fig which of you is Lord Norman Lechmere and has the earldom and the Chase. I'm quite prepared to tell the truth, and give evidence for Lord Norman, or——"

Thane leant forward breathlessly—

"Or—or hold your tongue?" he said, hoarsely.

Mr. Silas smiled.

"I'll go one better than that," he said, with a leer. "I'll go into the box and swear that I heard him threaten to accuse you of being Harold Thane, and demand blackmail——"

Thane sprang to his feet, his eyes gleaming redly.

"You will do that?" he panted.

Mr. Silas nodded and puffed at his choice Cabana slowly.

"I will—for a consideration, as we say in the city."

Thane leant against the table. The sweat was standing in great beads upon his forehead.

"What—what do you want?" he asked in a dry voice.

Mr. Silas sipped his grog thoughtfully.

"Five thousand now," he replied slowly, "and fifty thousand when you come into the title and estates."

Thane started, and his face grew black.

"Too much!" he said with a smothered oath.

Mr. Silas smiled.

"All right," he said. "It doesn't matter. I can go to the other man." Then he thrust his ugly face forward. "You fool!" he exclaimed, "you forget you are not bargaining for a title and land and money, but for your life! Refuse my terms and you lose all you've got, and get penal servitude or——" He repeated the hideous gesture round his neck which had so horrified Madge in Harding street.

Thane fought hard to repress a shudder.

"It is a large sum," he said hoarsely. "If—if I agree, you will stand by me?"

Mr. Fletcher grinned.

"My word's as good as my bond; better, as the man said. Stand by you? Of course I shall, for my own sake. Don't hesitate, Mr. Harold Thane, or I shall feel tempted to make it a hundred thousand, and"—with a sudden fury which lit up his mean face as if a fire were reflected in it—"by heaven, I would if I didn't hate the other man! Quick! Yes or no?"

Harold Thane held out his hand.

"It's a bargain," he said.

The two hands met, and the two men exchanged glances. Then Harold Thane drew his hand away sharply. His quick ears had caught the sound of approaching footsteps, even through the double doors.

A knock came; Mr. Silas flung his cigar in the grate, and, rising, stood in a respectful attitude.

Thane opened the door and Robins entered, followed by a constable.

The latter was red with satisfaction.

"I've got him, my lord!" he said, wiping his face with a glaring pocket-handkerchief, as if he had been running for some distance. "I've got him!"

Thane and Silas exchanged glances.

"The—the prisoner, Harry Richmond?" said Thane.

"Where—how?" demanded Thane.

"Why, if you'd believe it, my lord, he came up to the inn and inquired for me as bold as brass, and gave himself up!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN HUMOR.—The most obvious characteristics of American humor, says an English writer, is its power of "pitching it strong," and drawing the long bow. It is the humor of exaggeration. This consists of fattening up a joke until it is rotund and rubicund, unctuous and irresistible as Falstaff himself, who was created by Shakspeare, and fed fat, so as to become for all time the very impersonation of humor in a state of corpulence.

That place in the geography of the United States called "Down East" has been most prolific in the monstrosities of mirth.

Only there would a treed coon have cried to the marksman with his gun pointed, "Don't fire, colonel! I'll come down."

Only in that region do they travel at such speed that the iron rails get hot enough to serve the carriages with heat instead of hot-water bottles, and sometimes so hot that on looking back you see the irons writhing about like live snakes trying to wriggle off to the water to cool themselves.

Only there do they travel so fast that the signal-whistle is of no use for their engines, because, on one occasion at least, the train was in, and smashed in a collision, long before the sound of the whistle got there.

Only there can a blow be struck so "slick" as to take an animal's ear off with such ease, that the animal does not know he is one ear short until he puts his forefoot up to scratch it.

Only there, surely, are the thieves so cute that they draw a walnut log right out of its bark, and left five sleepy watchers all nodding as they sat astride a tunnel of walnut-wood rind.

A LAWYER in a criminal case was advising his client. "A full confession will alone save you—entire frankness is your last resort." "You don't know what you're talking about," retorted the prisoner, "and how should you? You hav'nt been through the police once yet, and I (with a self-satisfied smirk) have been sentenced eleven times. You may have the theory all to rights, my boy, but I've got the practice."

AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY S. C.

Often when the days are darkest,
And mine eyes are filled with tears,
Just a thought of him will soothe me,
Calm my sorrow, lull my fears.
I will seem to feel his presence
All about me, and to see
Just the smile that use to brighten
All his face at sight of me.

Ah, I do not know, but often
Joy and peace will wrap me 'round
Like a garment, and the music
Of his name will sweetly sound
Through my being, till his presence
Brightens all my sombre gloom,
And I walk, with him beside me,
In a world of joy and bloom.

Her Rise and Fall.

BY S. E. C.

It was not true that Mrs. Brunt had, before matrimony, taken an active part in dispensing refreshments at a well-known railway station. Neither was there any foundation for the widely-spread belief that she had captivated her present husband by the inimitably graceful manner in which she recommended various washes and perfumes at the fashionable hairdresser's establishment.

If she could only have combined the experience gained in either of these careers with her manifold personal charms and her husband's reputation as a millionaire, she would unquestionably have proved a great social success. But the plain facts of the case were very different from what was usually conjectured, the truth being that Mrs. Brunt was hopelessly handicapped by a past of unimpeachable bourgeois respectability. This ultimately caused all the trouble.

As little Lydia Smith she had lived the quietest of lives with a widowed mother, meritoriously contriving to eke out their tiny income by much close application to plain needlework. In those days she was disturbed by no yearnings after the unattainable. The suburban terrace in which they lived, on the outskirts of a large town, was her ideal residence. The gulf between their position and that of the artisans' families in the adjoining streets was positively immeasurable.

True, the latter might sometimes have rather the better of it as regards mere personal comfort, and the education of their children received at the Board School would compare most favorably with the smattering of French and music acquired by Lydia at the academy for young ladies next door.

But in spite of these indubitable facts, every one recognized the difference in social standing. And to the sayings and doings of people in still loftier circles than her own Miss Smith was supremely indifferent. The civilized world, as far as she was concerned, was comprised in the parish of St. John's, Hillsbury, and conscious of living in the best terrace in that parish, she had every reason to be content.

In due course Lydia made the inevitable rash match with a handsome young clerk, of refined tastes and consumptive tendencies. From economic motives, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan continued to live on with Mrs. Smith, and after a time, two grandchildren were added to the family party.

On Sunday evenings or Bank holidays, it was pleasant to meet the little party starting out for a country walk, each parent taking it in turns to push the baby's perambulator, whilst the worn elderly woman proudly brought up the rear, with her little grandson toddling by her side. A few years of uneventful content, and then came the usual catastrophe. Both the children were carried off in a sudden outbreak of scarlet fever, and poor Percy Morgan himself only rallied from the same illness to die of lung mischief a few months later.

There was not a more heart-broken woman in England than Lydia, as she sat by her mother's side in the lonely house, the evening after her husband's funeral. In vain, the older woman tried to distract her by discussing plans for the immediate future, feigning an amount of interest that she was far from feeling, in the hopes of rousing her daughter from her all-absorbing grief.

"Wait till to-morrow, mother. To-morrow I will try and help you," was the only response she could elicit from the little figure huddled up disconsolately in a corner of the horsehair sofa. And then the ceaseless moaning began again.

But it soon appeared that the two widows were not in circumstances to admit their indulging in the luxury of much idle grief. Doctors' bills and the other expensive adjuncts of a long illness had made sad inroads on their savings. Unless active steps were taken at once there would be difficulties about rent-day, and it would be impossible to maintain the former high standard with respect to ready-money payments.

Then ensued a period of grinding toil, when genteel respectability was only maintained at the cost of unflagging effort.

For ten hours a day, Lydia drudged as pupil teacher at her old school, imparting her own very superficial attainments to the younger children for a salary which, later on, would not have defrayed her glove bill for a year. Mrs. Smith in the meantime was fully occupied with household duties, unmurmuringly performed, although scrupulously concealed from the knowledge of her neighbors.

For the first time in her life she was unable to keep a regular servant, and far more bitter than the actual deprivation was the consciousness of her friends' probable comments on her reduced circumstances.

Two long years dragged by. Then there came a break in Lydia's monotonous work. The vicar's wife, taking compassion on her delicate appearance, sent her to the sea-side as nursery governess to the children during the midsummer holidays. A few weeks of sea-air and comparative idleness soon restored Lydia's health and spirits. Her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks caught Mr. Brunt's attention as he walked daily on the pier.

Recently returned from the colonies, where he had spent the greater part of his life, accumulating wealth in vast warehouses and dingy offices, he was perhaps not a very critical judge of female beauty.

At all events, Lydia Morgan, in her old black dress, running races on the sands with the vicar's children, seemed to him a vision of loveliness.

He had no relations to welcome him back to England after his prolonged absence, and ever since his return forcibly borne in upon him.

During forty years he had been steadily building up a large fortune; for his money had not been acquired by any extraordinary stroke of luck, but was entirely hard work. The years had not seemed long, nor the work hard, for throughout he had been sustained by the thoughts of the glorious time that was awaiting him in England.

His dreams had never taken a very definite shape, and it would be hard to say exactly in what he expected his enjoyment to consist. But certain it is that he had never pictured the utter dreariness of a lonely hotel life, in what had practically become a foreign country.

In this disappointed mood it was wonderful that it occurred to him to better his condition by marrying the pathetically girlish young widow. Whether he ever correctly grasped Mrs. Morgan's position is doubtful. It is to be feared that the vicar's wife, in her kindly anxiety to provide Lydia with a home, cast a slightly unjustifiable glamor over her surroundings.

Consequently Mr. Brunt rather felt that he was reinstating a fallen princess when he proposed to the clerk's widow. She accepted him, of course. Not that she cared for him, or thought him in any way comparable to the defunct Percy, whose portrait she kissed and sobbed over as she made the momentous decision.

But at twenty-six one cannot be expected to face with equanimity a probable half-century of pupil teaching, varied by prolonged spells of plain needlework. And then she thought of her mother's failing health, which rendered the heavy housework almost more than she could now perform, even with the help of an occasional charwoman.

And the vicar's wife, who was something of a match-maker, called her an ungrateful little fool for hesitating, and made all the necessary arrangements for the wedding to take place very quietly, at the sea-side, a fortnight later.

Mrs. Smith was not present at the ceremony, alleging her ill-health as a reason for staying at home, although she expressed her thankful approval of the step in many affectionate letters. Lydia was much distressed at her absence, and seriously proposed returning home to be married, but the vicar's wife sternly negatived the idea.

To say the truth, that good lady was growing terribly uneasy at the discovery of how very much richer Mr. Brunt was than she had at first supposed. She had only intended to provide comfortably for the little widow's future, not by any means to marry her to a millionaire. And it was with very mixed feelings that she saw Mr. Brunt proceed to adorn his future bride with a magnificent set of diamonds and various other costly pieces of jewelry.

Then she began to realize that, mainly owing to her representations, a thoroughly worthy person, who might eventually have a seat in Parliament, and who in the meantime ought to be backing up his money with an aristocratic connection, was being thrown away upon the little pupil-teacher.

However, there was nothing for it now but to push the matter through with a bold face, and trust to Mr. Brunt never discovering that he had been, more or less, married under false pretences.

And to do this it was absolutely necessary to keep hard-working old Mrs. Smith in the background, alluding to her only, with picturesque vagueness, as an invalid who lived in strict retirement. It was perfectly useless to explain the matter to Lydia. She was far too simple and too indifferent to the match to scheme for its accomplishment, whilst the implied slight to her mother would arouse all the little anger of which she was capable.

So the vicar's wife abstained from further interference and with a heavy heart undertook all the necessary arrangements, thinking the while of her own four sisters, and an indefinite number of female cousins, who would none of them be likely to make half a brilliant match as poor Mrs. Morgan. It was with a distinct feeling of relief that she gave Lydia a parting kiss outside the church door, a kiss which appeared the height of kindness and condescention to the shrinking bride.

It took Lydia a long time to realize the potentialities of unlimited wealth. Her tastes were of necessity simple, as she was profoundly ignorant of the very existence of ordinary expensive luxuries on which rich people spent their money. In dress her highest ambition was to wear every day such clothes as she had formerly reserved for Sundays. As for her husband's pres[illegible] aware of their value, but feeling no personal interest in such unfamiliar objects.

"I am afraid you don't care for those necklaces and things," he remarked one day when they had been married a short time.

"Oh, really I do!" she exclaimed, flushing at the fancied charge of ingratitude. "They are very pretty indeed. But I can't help preferring things that I can use—like this, you know," and she held up admiringly a white lace parasol, a wedding-present from the vicar's wife.

Mr. Brunt took the hint, and in future determined to limit his gifts to thirty-shilling parasols.

The first year was spent principally in staying about at various fashionable watering-places. Once they attempted to settle down, and actually bought a fine place in the country. Being profoundly ignorant of English country life, Mr. Brunt soon found himself involved in an animated quarrel with a neighboring Master of Hounds, who averred that for the first time in the memory of man several foxes had been found poisoned in the coverts. Poor Mr. Brunt was hopelessly bewildered by this attack, and moreover, quite unconscious of offence.

He had not given his keepers any orders one way or another. Besides, he entirely failed to grasp the heinousness of the crime imputed to him. But it soon transpired that, in consequence of these disputes, the few people who had called at first intended making no further advances, and that he and his wife were henceforth to be treated as social outcasts. So determining to have done, once for all with the troubles of a landed proprietor, he sacrificed a large sum to get rid of the property, and returned to hotel life.

Now Lydia, like the majority of her neighbors, was the creature of circumstances. Under the stress of poverty, and following Mrs. Smith's excellent example, she had been a most deteriorating influences of perpetual idleness and unlimited wealth. The change first made itself felt in her attitude towards her mother.

At one time the marriage of Mr. Brunt only appeared tolerable as a means of providing the old lady with an easy home in her declining years. But this scheme was gradually dropped, and at the end of six months Lydia had tacitly acquiesced in Mrs. Smith's continuing to live on in the old house at Hillsbury.

It was an understood thing that her daughter should contribute liberally towards the expenses of housekeeping, and should also pay her repeated and lengthy visits. At the end of a year the first of these visits had not been paid. The allowance continued to arrive with the greatest regularity. That was Mr. Brunt's affair. And as regularly as it arrived Mrs. Smith consigned it untouched to her desk, for she was a proud woman, although too fond of her daughter to make a fuss. But of this Lydia knew nothing, as she fluttered aimlessly from one watering-place to another.

It was in a large hotel at Brighton that the Brunts first met Lawrence Kite. This meeting was the turning point in Lydia's career. He took her in hand at once, and in an incredibly short time converted her, externally at least, into a fashionable beauty.

Mentally, she remained astonishingly simple to the last, but this was not apparent to strangers. Unpleasant people shook their heads and talked about a wily adventuress, when Mr. Kite first devoted himself to Lydia. They were ludicrously wrong. The sole sentiment that Mrs. Brunt entertained towards her new friend was heartfelt gratitude at the fresh world that he had opened up before her wondering gaze.

He first taught her the value of golden hair, backed by boundless wealth, and of how much can be effected when pink cheeks and blue eyes are set off by a Parisian dress. Under his tuition she at length began to utilize her dormant gifts.

As for Mr. Kite, he was a philanthropist in his own way. He had already launched more than one pretty woman on society, grudging neither time nor trouble to secure his proteges a favorable reception. Like many other philanthropists, he was more than repaid for his exertions by the amount of fame which accrued to him as an original discoverer of social success.

It was positively painful to him to come across such a prodigal waste of raw material as was exhibited by a woman who, being young, rich and beautiful, was content to slip through life at seaside hotels. His discriminating eye perceived in Mrs. Brunt a combination that is rare, even in [illegible] of genital charms, and [illegible] ad-

Given a start, such a woman might attain celebrity, and the position of her sole confidant and adviser would not be unpleasant. It is true that, on more than one occasion, Mr. Kite's proteges had summarily shaken themselves free of his guiding hand as soon as they discovered that they could thread the mazes of society alone; but there was a line of unsophisticated simplicity about Mrs. Brunt, which precluded the thoughts of such gross ingratitude on her part.

It was astonishing what an apt pupil Lydia proved herself. A prolonged period of luxurious idleness had acted like the waters of Lethe on her character, eradicating every trace of affection or unselfishness.

Her early life, with its loves and sorrows, seemed like a hazy dream, and much of it actually faded from her mind. Her sole preoccupation in connection with the past was to scrupulously conceal from every eye the depths of poverty to which she had once been reduced.

This was the principal reason why she resisted her husband's constant suggestions that they should visit her mother—a resistance so marked, that at length he let the subject drop, concluding that his wife and mother-in-law could not be on the excellent terms he had imagined.

"Mrs. Brunt, you must not go on living about in hotels," remarked Lawrence Kite authoritatively, when their acquaintance was a few weeks old.

"Why not?" inquired Lydia, with wide-open eyes. "It's very pleasant. One sees so many people."

"That's just it. You see people but don't make friends with them, or if you do they are only the second-rate ones."

It took Mrs. Brunt some moments to digest this piece of wisdom. She had recently became on speaking terms with the widow of a City knight, and thought she was getting on rather nicely.

"You ought to take a place in the country, and a town house next season," continued the oracle.

"Well, I can't say about London, but I know James won't hear of buying another place in the country!" exclaimed Mrs. Brunt vivaciously. "He had trouble enough with the last, let alone nobody taking any more notice of us than if we'd been paupers!"

"Simply due to bad management. If you will only rely on me, I will undertake that it does not occur again," said

Mr. Kite, unable to repress a smile at the lady's pretty petulance. But he was glad she retained such a vivid recollection of their own impotence to command success. It would strengthen his hold upon her in the future.

Mr. Brunt was more easily convinced than his wife anticipated. He readily saw the obvious truth that, at present, he was not getting his money's worth out of life. It was what he had been feeling vaguely ever since his return to England, though Lawrence Kite first put the sensation into words for him.

With unquestioning trustfulness he was willing to be guided in all things by his new mentor, a man who was evidently well versed in the intricacies of English society, and capable of coping with the gigantic problems thereof. Mr. Kite did not shrink from the responsibility. He knew exactly what his new acquaintances wanted, far better than they did themselves.

There just happened to be a charming house vacant, in a most select county, the shooting and society was all that could be desired. It was such a place indeed as Mr. Kite would have dearly liked to possess himself, and that being impossible, he magnanimously secured it for his friends. He took all the trouble off Mr. Brunt's shoulders, and the latter, remembering the thousand pitfalls that lurked about the path of a landed proprietor, was quite content to fulfil the subordinate function of signing checks.

"I hope we shan't find it very dull in the country," said Lydia, when Mr. Kite announced to her that the arrangements were practically completed.

"Dull! Why, there will be garden parties all the summer, where you can exhibit your best clothes. And in the autumn you must fill your house with people for the shooting."

"We don't know any people," objected Mrs. Brunt.

Mr. Kite naturally felt that this mattered the less as he had a large circle of friends, few of whom were too proud to be entertained regardless of expense. But it seemed unnecessary to enter into details at this stage of the proceedings, so he merely observed that if properly [illegible] passed [illegible] on to suggestions for the future.

"[illegible]ing we must see about a town [illegible]," he continued. "And you ought to go to a Drawing Room as soon as possible. The question is, who can we get to present you? If I could only persuade my cousin, Lady Olivia Wade——"

"Oh, you need not trouble about that!" rejoined Lydia independently. "I daresay if I asked my friend, Lady Tompkins, she would do it in a moment."

Lawrence Kite shuddered. He feared that he should never make anything of a woman so obtuse by nature as not to perceive the different social value of a duke's daughter and the relict of a municipal dignitary.

"I don't think Lady Tompkins would answer the purpose at all," he said, in accents of mild despair. "She is all very well as an hotel acquaintance, but she has no position."

Lydia gave way at once. When Mr. Kite defined the only titled person of her acquaintance as having no position, she felt so out of her depth that it was useless to argue. Only she looked with increased awe and admiration on the man who was bold enough to utter such a sweeping statement.

* * * * * *

Lawrence Kite was in his own way something of a small social power, although it was not easy to say why such should be the case. In appearance he resembled an unhealthy girl, and his manners were even more effeminate than his face. Most men considered him rather over-rated, but that did not prevent their wives from relying greatly on his taste. He was well connected, and contrived perpetually to render small services to his more influential relatives, so that they never entirely forgot his existence.

Thus it came to pass that in the course of the autumn, he effected the apparently impossible task of getting Lady Olivia Wade to take up the Brunts.

He was staying at Wade Park at the time, making himself very useful to Lady Olivia, who was busy decorating the new wing of the house. His help was positively invaluable in dealing with dilatory tradespeople, and he had undertaken more than one special journey to town, to insure the correct matching of materials and wall papers. So the moment had arrived when he could gracefully claim a compensating favor.

"Besides, they are such nice people," he urged. "Of course Brunt is colonial, but nobody minds that nowadays. And they are enormously rich."

"And is Mrs. Brunt colonial too?" inquired Lady Olivia doubtfully.

"Not all! quite the reverse. I fancy she belonged to rather a good Scotch family, and her husband was in the army. He died in Burmah, or somewhere. Anyhow, she was left badly off, and had the wisdom to marry old Brunt, who isn't half a bad sort."

"Then she is fairly presentable?" said Lady Olivia, evidently impressed by this fancy sketch.

"Presentable indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Kite. "Why, I shouldn't be surprised," he continued solemnly, "if she turned out to be one of the most admired women in London next season. And of course Brunt is quite ready to spend any money you like on politics. The right side too. But some one must encourage him a bit."

"Really! Well, of course, under those circumstances, it becomes a duty. We can't have them to stay, though. I have made up all my parties till Christmas."

"Ask them over for the day," suggested Mr. Kite. "It isn't much of a railway journey, and you can have them met at the station."

Lady Olivia rather jumped at the idea. If at the cost of an afternoon's boredom, she could both propitiate Lawrence Kite and secure a valuable political supporter for her husband, it was surely well worth making the effort.

"That's settled," she said. "I will see about it at once. They shall come next week, and then you will be here to look after them."

"Well, I think you will find you are doing the right thing by asking them," replied Mr. Kite approvingly. "Old Brunt is sure to become more or less of a power with his money. And she is charming. However, you will see for yourself."

When Lady Olivia's invitation arrived, Mrs. Brunt felt that she had indeed touched the zenith of her fortunes. She had made great strides in worldly wisdom since the days when Lady Tompkins embodied her idea of the aristocracy. A few [illegible] had taught her the importance of gaining access to Wade Park. She had observed more than once the subdued pride with which a few fortunate people referred to their acquaintance with Lady Olivia, pressing it upon her attention in so unmistakable a manner, that she could not fail to grasp the subtle significance of their allusions.

Speculation had been very ripe in that neighborhood as to whether Lady Olivia would take any notice of these new people. The general opinion inclined to her ignoring them, as she had no fondness for new people, and they were not actually in her husband's division. But all their calculations were thrown out by Lawrence Kite, whose quiet hints and incidental suggestions brought about many more things than were ever suspected.

Not a circumstance was lacking to enhance the glory of the invitation, as Mrs. Brunt pointed out to her husband.

"If Lady Olivia makes such an effort to be civil to us at this distance, it shows that we are really becoming people of importance," she said gleefully.

"Well, I don't quite know about that," replied Mr. Brunt, who was not subject to illusions. "There's Kite, you see, staying at Wade. He's been working this invitation, you may be sure. He promised that if we bought this place he recommended that he would guarantee we had a better time than before. And I must say so far he has kept his bargain. It's a comfort to think we are getting something like our money's worth at last, but I don't know that I really care much for what they call society. You see I wasn't brought up to it, which makes all the difference."

"Oh, you get on well enough," said Lydia condescendingly. "If you had a little more self-confidence it would be all right."

"I know it. And after all why shouldn't I hold up my head with the best of them? I've worked hard to make my money, and don't owe a bill but what I could pay with the loose cash in my pockets. And yet, when I get out at parties, amongst all these gay people, somehow I feel out of place. If it wasn't for you, I declare I should take some quiet little house, where I could just smoke my pipe all day and do as I liked."

"What nonsense you talk!" interrupted Lydia. "Here we are being received by everybody, asked to Wade Park, Lady Olivia apologizing for not being able to offer us a room, and you talk about throwing it all up to live in some poky little house like retired tradesmen. I think you might remember that I am not as old as you, and wasn't brought up in a dingy office."

"I do, my dear, and it's a real pleasure to me to see you enjoying yourself in your own sphere," rejoined the gray-headed man humbly.

He knew nothing definitely about his wife's family. At the time of his marriage he had gathered from the vicar's wife that they were well-born people, though under a temporary cloud, an impression that Lydia had never troubled to remove.

Indeed, lately she had often dilated on the fallen glories of her house, until Mr. Brunt was half-inclined to think that the real reason she kept away from her mother was shame at having made such a plebeian match. Insensibly the breach was widening between him and this beautiful girl, who talked so glibly of her smart acquaintances, and ran up such exorbitant bills at the dressmaker's, that she seemed altogether a different person from the quiet little widow he had married.

He did not grudge the money she spent so freely, and was genuinely pleased that some one should be enjoying the fruits of his life's toil. All would have been well if his wife had only cared for him. She had never done so from the first, but lately the fact had become much more apparent.

Lawrence Kite awaited with considerable anxiety the meeting between Lady Olivia and his new friends. It is so impossible to conjecture how fresh combinations will succeed, that his nervousness became excessive as the moment actually approached.

But a glance at Mrs. Brunt as she stepped out of the brougham under the great portico completely reassured him. She had adhered strictly to his orders in the matter of dress, and a more perfectly turned out little woman it would have been difficult to meet.

It was almost a shock to him, to see with what ease she carried off the situation, claiming her position as a favored guest, at once, and without the smallest hesita-

[illegible] are here. Where did you [illegible] as all she said when [illegible]" ing her probable shyness, he interrupted a game of billiards to run out, cue in hand, and meet her in the hall. Mr. Kite saw at once that he might return to his game. He was not wanted.

Lady Olivia, with the dozen or so intimate friends who made up the house party, had been disposed to take the Brunts in rather a farcical light. There had been a good deal of talk about rough diamonds, and playful speculations as to whether Mrs. Brunt would wear her rings outside her gloves, and allude perpetually to her jewel case, after the manner of millionaires in fiction. But when she actually appeared, all inclination to mock died away before the perfect taste of her dress and the perfect coolness of her newly-acquired manner.

Quite unintentionally, Lady Olivia began taking great pains to entertain her guest, and as a natural consequence all her friends followed suit. Lydia saw the whole process and smiled quietly. She had learnt a great many things lately, the most important being that the amount of attention she had received depended entirely on the number of airs she gave herself. Out of many recent experiences, she had thus formulated a rule of conduct which promised to work admirably.

Lawrence Kite was in a great measure responsible for this transformation, and still so for having originally brought into play her imaginative faculties. Until she knew him she had been content merely to suppress such details of her past life as now seemed insupportably squalid. His hints had first suggested how much a picturesque background would benefit her position.

With fatal facility she improvised noble ancestors and mouldering family towers. Mr. Brunt received everything with blind credulity, thinking, as he did, that she bore the stamp of noble lineage on her face and form. Lawrence Kite also listened with interest to her occasional outbreaks of family pride.

He did not know or care about the rights of the case; but he held that a certain amount of mendacity was as indispensable to the success of a fashionable beauty as the judicious use of toilet accessories. According to his experience, both the powder and the falsehoods would have to be laid on very thick for anybody to take exception to them. And in the meantime audacity amused him excessively.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

GLASS WALL LININGS.—The new glass wall linings introduced in Berlin are not brittle, but they suggest irresistibly the necessity for residents of vitreous dwellings not to precipitate projectiles.

STEEL.—When steel is exposed to the action of sea water and the weather it is said to corrode at the rate of an inch in 82 years; and an inch of an iron under the same conditions corrodes in 191 years. When exposed to fresh water and the weather the periods are 170 years for steel and 630 years for iron.

VITRIT.—A new composition which promises soon to be largely adopted in the place of the higher-priced marbles is called "Vitrit." It is an artificial stone having a firmly adhering, tough glossy surface. The substance is semi-opaque and lends itself to more elaborate decorative purposes than any other now in use. It can be used as a glazing on brick walls in breweries, dairies, chemical laboratories, etc., as well as for plain or decorated counters, mantelpieces and other purposes.

ON STEAMERS.—A new self-recording indicator, marking mechanically every order signaled from the bridge of a steamer to the engine room, consists of a drum, which revolves once in twelve hours, around which is placed a chart, containing a column for each word of command on the indicators in use, and ruled to show the fraction of a minute. When the order is given, it is marked at once on the chart. The instrument does away with the possibility of conflicting evidence between the captain and engineer in case of accidents.

GOLD-BEATING.—The gold beating industry is threatened with extinction by the Swan process of preparing gold leaf. This consists of depositing a thin coating of gold upon a copper base, and then dissolving the base by submission to perchloride of iron. It is stated that the leaf may by this means be made of the thickness of 1-4,000,000th of an inch. The copper being ultimately recoverable, the process is reported to be in every way economical, the reduction of weight in the leaf effecting a further saving of 80 per cent. of the precious metal.

Farm and Garden.

MILK.—The French industry of icing milk is an original departure in tinned commodities. The milk is frozen and placed in block form in tins, and on the part of the purchaser requires to be melted previous to use.

HAY.—Hay is a valuable article on the farm and should only be used in connection with other coarse foods. A mixture is often more highly relished than a single article of food, but this depends on how the animals have been educated in feeding upon a variety of foods.

FEEDING WELL.—Unless you feed so well that your stock makes a constant gain, you are losing your feed, at least, and probably something more. Keep your eye open all the time to note any possible loss of appetite, as that will quickly be followed by a loss of flesh.

ECONOMY.—Feeding economically is to supply the food in such a manner as to ensure thorough mastication and digestion. Wheat grains being hard and small, when fed to hogs they should be either ground or soaked until soft; should stand in water or milk for 24 hours.

FOALS.—Foals learn undesirable tricks when played with when young. They are, however, all the better for being nicely handled, taught to lead, and to understand the voice and gestures of the attendant. So handled they become early tractable, and there is much less trouble when time for breaking, mouthing and backing arrives.

HORSES.—There is a law in France in which the various forms of unsoundness to which the horse is subject are described, and which, further provides that a purchaser of a horse has nine days in which to return him to the seller should he be found to be suffering from any of the forms of unsoundness specified. Such a law in this country would do much to protect buyers, and it would also be welcome to the reputable men who are engaged in selling horses.

STOP THAT CONSTANT HACKING, by removing the irritation in the throat, and subduing any inflammation that may exist there, by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a long established remedy for Throat and Lung troubles, of over fifty years popularity.

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Economics for the Young.

It is important for children to understand the difference between the initial and the final utility of a given quantity of goods. The first portion of an article we consume gives us more pleasure than the second, the second more than the third, and the third more than the fourth. In other words, we have a decreasing utility with each increase in the quantity of goods.

Under the conditions in which we live we can always discount pains by paying in advance, and increase pleasures by taking them last. If any decision involves pain, take the pain first and the pleasure will be increased. No habit is more pernicious than that of catching at any present good and blindly closing the eyes to the miseries which flow from such conduct.

The great majority of criminal acts are due to the chosing of the wrong alternative in such emergencies. It is but a further development of the same thought that pains should be isolated and pleasures should be bound together by association. The imagination plays an important part in determining future conduct. One ought never to let the imagination play on pains, but ought always to isolate them and reduce them to the barest reality. Teachers and parents are apt to violate this principle. They seek to show that any little act will lead to dire disaster and thus teach the child to imagine new combinations of accumulated evils so as to deter him from the act to be avoided.

It seems easy to keep children from bad acts by painting horrid pictures of the consequences flowing from them. A temporary end may be thus attained but at a fearful loss. The habit of visualizing pictures of horrid evils undermines the character of the child. It causes him to avoid or delay every act involving pain and unfits him for the economic world in which pains should precede pleasures. In matters of health the same unwise policy is pursued. If a child's appetite fails him, it is awakened into activity by richer and more enticing food, when the failure should have been accepted as an indication of a tired stomach.

The habit of facing evils without delay is the basis of some of the best of the virtues. Courage, patience and fortitude are the outgrowth of this habit. The patient man does not let a present irritation lead to conduct that will create new evils for the future. Pains can often be converted into pleasures by isolating them and putting them ahead of the pleasures. Hunger, when not associated with other pains, brings up the picture of the pleasant dinner soon to come.

A fortune may be accumulated without any consciousness of the denials it involves if the efforts of production are isolated in thought, and reduced to a bare reality, while the imagination is given free play in picturing the accumulated pleasures which the future has in prospect.

There is another thought which should also be presented to children in school. This is the sacredness of unprotected property. The primitive concept was that might made right—that possession was nine points of the law. If the owner is not around, the thing you find is yours. The modern thought is that nothing is yours because you find it somewhere unprotected. The individual to whom it belongs has a right to his property when he comes back, and that man is of a low type who even thinks of taking it.

If this principle is lacking in the child's world, he must carry his books and playthings with him wherever he goes. He could not leave his toys anywhere. This principle is of no less importance in the home than it is in public affairs. The private room and papers of any member of a family are also sacred. An open door or an unshaded window does not justify inspection. Letters or papers should not be read, though unsealed and in plain view. Intimate friends should respect the right of privacy as fully as other persons.

At present we put much emphasis on oral instruction and despise a slavish use of textbooks. The past seems a golden age never to return, while its heroes are giants whose mighty deeds have reached the acme of human possibilities and whose example has raised the actions of common men far higher than their own volitions would have carried them.

The economic concept is more democratic, and its ideal lies not in the past, but in the future. It prophesies a time when the leading virtues will be instilled into every member of society, giving to all their actions those heroic qualities which make individuals worthy and society progressive. The future Utopia of the economist stands opposed to the golden age of the past.

The one ideal would [illegible] through the growth of common qualities and the ejection of discordant elements that lower the tone of society. The other would hold a frail humanity above its natural level by the impressive example of its historic heroes. The latter may succeed for the moment but the steady evolution of character depends upon the former. Its effects may come more slowly but they are more abiding.

MUCH human suffering is dark, gloomy and painful. When communicated and diffused, it spreads abroad a useless sadness; but, when silently and courageously borne, it is capable of evolving strength of character, patience, fortitude, tenderness. A man meets with a bereavement, or a loss of fortune, or some cherished plan is defeated, or some bright hope is extinguished. His present sorrow is inevitable; but he can deal with it in two ways. He can loudly mourn and lament, detailing his grievance to friends and neighbors, claiming their utmost sympathy, painting his woes in vivid colors, thereby producing much needless and useless sadness, while at the same time only intensifying his trouble by thus dilating upon it. On the other hand, he can school himself to bear the inevitable and to learn whatever lessons it has in store; he can abstain from marring the happiness of others by intruding his personal woes; he can cultivate a brave spirit and a cheerful aspect; in a word, he can "consume his own smoke," and in time he will have in its place the ruddy glow and warmth of a nobler character and a firmer grasp of the future.

THE nervous, excitable, irascible person is he who has not learned to control feeling and expression; and it is he who finds fault with his surroundings and imputes uncanny conduct to them. That there are functional states of the body that predispose one to mental depression or exhilaration must be admitted. A torpid liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint, and even an old corn may render one susceptible to weather-changes, the physical ailment producing a nerve-reaction that is keenly felt at the spinal centres, and may test the spirit. Mind however is superior to matter, or rather constituted for superiority. Fairly organized, carefully developed and trained, it will exhibit their superiority by its poise and calmness in circumstances that are disagreeable or painful to the physical senses.

AMUSEMENT must always be a relative term. What is highly amusing to one person may be indifferent to another and positively disagreeable to a third. Hunting and shooting, for example, are eagerly entered into and keenly enjoyed by certain persons; others, again, care but little for them, while some shrink from them with the deepest repugnance. So with cards and other games, theatres and concerts, picnics and excursions, and all the long list of so-called amusements. They have a right to the name only to those who enjoy them; they assume it falsely to those who find them fatiguing or irksome.

WITH all our respect for knowledge of every kind, we must not overrate its possibilities. It undoubtedly stimulates thought, disciplines the mind, enriches the life, increases happiness, and develops opportunities in many directions; but its influence upon action and character is not so great or so direct as some are inclined to believe. It is true that education in its best and broadest sense is one of the greatest means of raising the moral standard and purifying the community; but knowledge must never be confounded with education. It is included in it, but only as one out of many parts.

LOVE is at once admiration and affection. We talk of loving some poor creature [illegible] able. But this is only a mangled part of love. True complete love finely combines a pure unselfish perception of the essential quality of a character with a warm personal gratitude for what that character bestows on us. The perception of absolute quality saves it from foolish fondness, and the gratitude rescues it from being the mere dilettantism of the connoisseur.

WERE success in life, morally or physically, the main object here, it certainly would seem as if a little more faculty in man were sadly needed. Living, as we do, in the midst of stern gigantic laws which crush everything down that comes in their way, which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him, but are as inexorable as fate—it does not seem as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here.

THE good man quietly discharges his duty and shuns ostentation; the vain man considers every deed lost that is not publicly displayed. The one is intent upon realities; the other, upon semblance. The one aims to be good; the other, to appear so.

NOT merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do, is the destiny of man. "Not for leisurely contemplation of thyself, not to brood over devout sensations, art thou here. Thine action, thine action alone determines thy worth."

No amount of intelligence will compensate for the absence of a generous spirit; yet it is also true that generosity without intelligence very seldom fulfils its own intentions or effects much real benefit.

A GERMAN proverb says, Honor the old, instruct the young, consult the wise, and bear with the foolish.

NEGLIGENCE is the rust of the soul, that corrodes her best resolutions.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

KINLOCH.—The Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Breton languages are all varieties of the Celtic.

F. F.—The passion flower grows freely enough in England now, but it came originally from Brazil.

W. D.—The young lady has an exceedingly pleasant and nice face, and would no doubt be considered good-looking.

Q. M.—A little paraffin oil rubbed into the skin of the head frequently will stimulate the scalp and help the growth of the hair.

L. M. A.—It is impossible for us to say what would suit a person we have never seen, but blue is generally becoming to blondes.

FRED.—In boating parties, one gentleman should always stay in the boat and do his best to steady it while the others help the ladies to step in it from the bank or landing.

B. K.—A mathematician has computed the movements of a rider's feet while operating a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles.

VICKY.—Stooping in a girl of seventeen should be curable by an effort of will. Make up your mind to sit upright, and if you get into the habit of straightening yourself every time you stoop, you will soon leave it off altogether.

R. L. G.—Of the entire human race, 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is, they wear garments of some kind; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover parts of the body; 600,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,000,000 virtually have no shelter.

W. I.—In building a house the Japanese begin with the roof: a book begins at the last page, and the end is written where we put the title-page. Horses stand in the stable with their heads where their tails ought to be; men, not women, do the sewing, and push the needles in and out from them instead of towards them. Dinner begins with dessert, and ends with fruit.

PRESTON.—The term "Infantry" is said to be derived from an event in Spanish history. An Infanta of Spain, having assembled a body of troops and marched to the aid of his father, assisted him in defeating the Moors. The foot soldiers thus gained honor and became distinguished by the name of their leader, and that class of soldiers were afterwards termed Infantry.

POLLY D.—A "morganatic" marriage is where the left hand is given instead of the [illegible] when a man of superior and a wo[illegible] that the children of the latter shall not enjoy the rank or inherit the possessions of the former, but the children are legitimate. Those marriages are frequently made by [illegible]ality and by the highest nobility in Germany.

READER.—The ancient Egyptians considered the cat not only a useful domestic animal, but worthy of veneration as a sacred one. They carried this worship to such an extent that it became customary when a cat died for the members of the family to whom it belonged to shave off their eyebrows as a sign of grief, and to embalm and bury its body. These strange cat mummies have since been found in Egypt in great numbers.

MODERN.—Yes; we understand Mr. Edison thinks that eventually all newspapers will be set up by a combination of the phonograph and type-setting machine. Editors will read off into paragraphs all the copy brought in, editing the copy as they go along, by changing it to suit themselves in the reading, and by mentioning the punctuation marks, the paragraphs, and the capital letters. The compositor will put the cylinder with his take on another phonograph, and, listening to the dictation of the machine, will translate it directly into the keys of the piano-like mechanical type-setter.

SUPER J.—1. The significations attached to the precious stones are as follows:—Garnet, constancy; amethyst, sincerity; bloodstone, courage; diamond, innocence; emerald, success in life; agate, health and long life; cornelian, content; sardonyx, wedded happiness; chrysolite, antidote to madness; opal, hope; topaz, fidelity; turquoise, prosperity; pearl, purity. Regard rings are those having a setting composed of the six stones—ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby and diamond. 2. The gems have been arranged into gem alphabet, which runs—amethyst, beryl, chrysoberyl, diamond, emerald, feldspar, garnet, hyacinth, jasper, kyanite, lapislazuli, malachite, natrolite, opal, porphyry, quartz-agate, ruby, sapphire, topaz, ultramarine, verd-antique, wood-opal, xanthite, zircon.

INNOCENCE.—Meerschaum (German for sea foam, so called from its lightness and whitish appearance) is a hydrous silicate of magnesia. It is of a soft, earthy texture, somewhat resembling chalk, and is found in various parts of southern Europe, in veins of serpentine and in tertiary deposits. It is easily cut, and when first removed from the bed is of a cheese-like consistency. It is also found in Asia Minor, in alluvium, apparently the result of the decomposition of carbonate of magnesia belonging to neighboring serpentine rocks. For exportation it is roughly shaped into blocks or in rude forms of pipes. The artificial meerschaum, of which the cheaper pipes are manufactured, is made of the chips or parings of the natural mineral, which are reduced to fine powder, boiled in water, moulded and dried, sometimes pipe-clay being added to the mixture.

IN THE DARK.

BY W. W. L.

For me love is shut out,
  There is no ray of light;
Dark is my weary soul
  As this black night.

Love left me long ago,
  A lie upon its lips;
Light died out from my life,
  Now is all dark eclipse.

The Twins.

BY PAUL PINOCCHIO.

THE unmistakable aspect of an approaching storm manifested itself by the gradually-strengthening wind chasing huge banks of thick black clouds across the horizon and waving the branches of forest oaks into a low, subdued moan, that not long hence were bathed in the radiant moonlight. Far along the lonely path that wends through the Western forest the roof of a cabin appears dismally, partly concealed by the overgrowth. The interior is, as it looks without, composed of one single room—partitioned in two by a curtain. In the open fireplace a few sticks crackled, and in burning cast fantastic shadows across the room, which is nearly bare of furniture.

Sitting near the fire, by the light of an oil-lamp, was a woman, knitting, and rocking with one foot a cradle, wherein two infants were peacefully sleeping. The features of the woman were overcast with deep lines of privation, but still bespoke that once upon a time they were bright with the freshness of youth, and the forehead serene with peace. A person gazing upon Margaret Walton for the first time would note on her cheeks a pallor that was not habitual, and that the swollen, beating eyes were not susceptible to tears.

She visibly moved her lips as in fervent prayer, but the unformed words died in a gentle hiss. Frequently her eyes wandered to the cradle and would rest piteously and melancholy upon the infants, and then on high.

Feigning she heard a noise her head turned to [illegible] upon her children again, and sighed heavily.

"If a similar future has been mapped out for you, may the hand of Eternity cast you low before your lips learns to call me mother!"

As though in response to the mother, upon the purple lips of one of the infants smote a sweet, angelic smile, then fading like the dying of a summer's day, while the mother's cheeks streamed with tears. Anyone could be struck with the remarkable resemblance between the two—as they were born twins.

Was this suffering reserved only for Margaret, the handsome, happy maid of not long ago? She cast her eyes on a frame upon the wall which enclosed the picture of a lovely girl in golden curls. Was this the orphan girl whose kindly winning manners had won friends for her by the score? She had lived in her own innocence, with a generous heart for the sick and needy. Only five years, which had aged her so, she could picture herself again, free as the gentlest zephyr that ever blew, when the earth had a beautiful tint and life a charming mystery.

"Cursed was the day when my eyes first [illegible] upon him!" she cried in a broken voice.

She was forced into marriage with the handsome country squire, whom she had only too gladly accepted, and now reckless Eric Maddon had proved himself only too unworthy of her love—a coward and a drunkard! Their life together was not crowned with happiness, as poor Margaret soon became aware of his many faults, which at first did not transpire. For days at times he would venture out of home on a drunken spree, with companions still worse than he. She had reproached him repeatedly, but he had shown an aversion for her pleadings as to resort even to cruelty. Seeing that this was the case she kept her suffering to herself to find consolation, while Eric went from bad to worse. She had prayed for death but, when these children came to share the atrocious miseries of the mother, she vowed that she would live only for them.

Absorbed in this deep reverie, Margaret's eyes closed out of sheer exhaustion, dropping her work at her feet. The little fire had now died out, and although it was spring the air was still chilly. The lamp cast its light round the naked room, upon the children and the slumbering mother.

Suddenly the curtains parted and two long, bony hands stretched from out of their folds, clasped one of the infants, and disappeared with the burden. The child gave a shrill scream and the mother opened her eyes rather frightened, and on gazing towards the cradle noticed the absence of one of the twins. With a bounce she was on her feet, and, drawing the curtains aside ran in the other part of the room, which now rang with the echo of an unearthly, diabolical laugh.

"Oh, God!" she cried, as with a few hasty glances she assured herself that the child was not there. She might have been mistaken, or her tired eyes had deceived her, but, alas! when going to the cradle again it was missing still, and the other child crying loudly.

Running to the door she found it securely fastened, and, turning the key in the rusty lock, was soon out in the night.

A strong wind was blowing and a terrible cyclone imminent. The low, rumbling noise of the thunder was audible, resounding lugubriously in the neighboring forest.

The terrorized woman, with sobs after sobs, searched in the gloaming for the lost child, while the crying of the other was faintly heard outside.

"Oh, heaven, what shall I do?" cried the unfortunate mother, when suddenly the unnatural squeak of laughter again caught her ears. She turned in the direction, and whatever she saw no one knew, as with a heartrending cry to heaven she fell to the ground!

* * * * * *

"I fancied I heard a light footstep approaching, but it's only the rustling leaves. Did he not promise to come ere the sun was setting?"

The speaker was a slim, graceful girl in a yellow mull dress. The stamp of her neat ankle and the poise of her head, as she held a dainty little white hand upraised to her eyes to shade them from the sun's parting rays, peering anxiously down the little road, canopied by trees, that led to a stately mansion on the hillside, would have been an inspiration for any beauty-worshipping artist.

The beautiful sun-hat, adorned with a bunch of fresh blossoms, was at this moment gently waved and kissed by the light breeze, while a pair of blue eyes never before did look so expectantly at the crimson blaze of the setting sun.

But she had not long to wait. As she turned towards the river a merry laugh rang above the chirping of the birds, and her lover was in her presence, clasping her hands in his and trying to read the expression of her love-lit eyes.

"Welcome, dear Phil. What kept you so late? I was getting tired of waiting."

"I was talking to Mr. Johnson and I couldn't take leave of him. I hurried across the orchard to make the way shorter. But, darling, why does your hand tremble?" and the smile that diffused his features began to fade.

"I imagined something had befallen you. Since I saw that person yesterday I have been a little nervous," she answered nestling closer to him.

"What person?"

"Didn't papa tell you?"

"No, Birdie."

The young man now assumed a rather serious look.

"While watching the crystal waters of the fountain," she began, "a faint moan smote upon my ears. Looking in every direction I saw no object. When hark! I heard it again—still fainter—as from a person in pain."

"Was you alone?" queried Philip.

"Yes. The moan came from the river. Turning that way I saw a man emerge from the bushes, step into the road and disappear as he had appeared, in the opposite direction."

"Presumably he was a poacher. But why worry about it?" put in the young man reassuringly.

"But he didn't look that. Papa tells me that one night last week, when the gout troubled him that he couldn't sleep, from his window he saw a man enveloped in a black cloak stationed on the gravel path, looking up at the windows."

"One of those suspicious characters of the neighborhood. But then, why doubt my safety? I have no enemies, and if I had I don't think they would be so cruel as to harm me the day before my wedding. Please, Birdie, cast those ideas to the wind."

"You may not have enemies, but you must not always be on the lookout for treachery from them alone."

"Fear not, my darling, to-morrow I shall bid farewell to this monotonous life, and to us both the bliss of heaven will be disclosed."

"Have you made the final arrangements for our wedding tour, Philip?"

"As I said to Mr. Johnson, we shall go to see the Fair, and then spend the summer abroad."

"Yes, and then return and settle down in this sublime spot of ours, devoting ourselves to the welfare and comfort of the poor, establishing a home at Cedar Creek. Thus we will live in a balmy world of our own, respected and esteemed by all."

"You forget my past," broke in the young man vehemently.

He let go of the hand that he held in his and his noble head, adorned with hair as black as a raven's wing, fell upon his breast—some hideous bitter vision coming back to him. He spoke not, though unspeakable thoughts swept through his mind. But during that silence a change passed slowly over his countenance. His dark eyes grew more intensely dark and his lips assumed a firmer aspect.

"What has that to do with it?" said the girl, breaking the silence.

He motioned to her the river, and gently led her to it.

"Let us have a row," he uttered, as though to dispel his ravaging thoughts, and the little craft flew above the smooth water by the masterly strokes of the oars.

Silently they sailed along the narrow river, whose green banks were reflected in its mirror-like surface, until they reached an old wooden bridge that once upon a time spanned the stream, and now was in a state of ruin for need of repairs, and, if their eyes had been quicker they would have seen a black object fleeting across the rotten planks.

"You always promised to tell me your story, Phil; would you mind telling it now, if it should not pain you?"

Philip looked lovingly into the supplicating face and the purple lips that had spoken so kindly.

Pulling the oars out of the water he allowed the tiny boat to float with the tide.

"Oh, no," he answered, "I should like you to hear it. You would then better understand my position and your own. [illegible] tell you what [illegible] living in dire poverty, or my father coming home in a state of intoxication and beating my mother, of his connection with outlaws of the worst type, the kidnapping of my brother Reginald and my father's disappearance forever. All is confused, however, till I heard the bell tolled on my mother's burial day," here his sight grew dim and his eyes moist, but he struggled against such weakness.

"From nurse's window I saw the hearse that bore her away, and drawing a long sigh bid her adieu. Mind, I was then young, only four or five years of age, and knew not the significance of pain or sorrow. Old Martha, the nurse, I remember very well, who first pointed to me my mother's last home, which then bore no inscription and was sinking into oblivion, but I have preserved it with all the cares of a devoted son. I recollect when news came to my mother of my father's death, which came to him while in a conflict with a posse of marshals, but mother was gone, the flowers had begun to bloom on her grave. Of my brother I know nothing—rumors have been circulating that he is also a member of that famous gang. I would like to see him, but if we met we wouldn't know each other. He was taken from my side when we were both in infancy."

He stopped; he had seen the tears like sparkling gems flow down her velvety cheeks. These reminiscences were too sorrowful for her tender heart to bear.

"Ah," went on Philip, "if my mother had lived, nothing would have pleased her more than to have seen us united."

"Yes, I believe that," answered Bertha.

Philip looked around and saw that the shadows were lengthening, and night approaching.

"We must get back, or we shall be late for dinner. I declare it is past seven o'clock," he said consulting his watch.

"Then we shall have to hurry up," cried Bertha, "for father cannot endure to be kept waiting for his dinner."

Stepping out of the boat, which Philip tied with its chain to a fallen log, they turned their faces homewards, and set forward at a brisk pace.

* * * * * *

The next day dawned bright and glorious, as though in perfect harmony with the happy event which was to take place at the Mansion, Mr. Archibald Johnson's residence. The grand place was all astir—friends and relatives, composing the cream of society, kept on arriving at minute intervals, all desirous of witnessing the handsome Philip Maddon united in marriage with the fair Bertha, the sole heiress of the Mansion. The servants were hurrying to and fro making the final arrangements.

Philip, already dressed for the ceremony, was the attraction of all the guests. His well-cut features—the elevated forehead, the smooth face and the firm lips, adorned with a small, curly mustache—was now as though crowned with a halo of the rising sun. He had a low, cheery voice, and a laugh that would do one good to hear. He had never been known to have said an unkind word to anyone. Everybody listened with envious admiration to the flow of his words as though to a strain of sweet, liquid music. His dark piercing eyes had been too much for Bertha to bear.

The young man had been given a good education by the help of her father, as he had manifested a love for the beautiful arts. The handsome paintings, the marble busts and statues, which he is now showing to the guests, are all results of his own handicraft. No one ever suspected the latent talent of the boy when, at the death of his mother, he was taken care of by Mr. Johnson. Philip, on his part, had done all he could to repay the kindness shown him, and for this Mr. Johnson loved him as his own son. The young man had so shrewdly transacted the affairs of the estate that it was now yielding a very large income, enabling the owner to live in the highest luxury.

At the death of the gentleman's wife, which happened when Bertha was in her tender years, his health had been failing him, and, consequently his annual income had been on the decrease, owing to his inability to attend to financial affairs. But when young Philip's common-sense came into play the estate again flourished, which before was on the verge of bringing the aged Mr. Johnson into grief. Bertha and Philip were reared together ever since they were very young, and it was only natural for the mutual affection which had sprung between them. The nuptials which were now at hand was considered a great occasion and rejoicing by all who

Long before high noon the little village church by the river was surrounded by a little throng of curious people, peering longingly along the road for the party to arrive. The church in itself is pretty and old-fashioned, with a square tower and arched windows covered with ivy; with a picturesque grave-yard alongside, and tall lime trees shading the green graves.

The inside is rather quaint, needing a retouch, but it has been decorated in grand style by the servants of the Mansion. Banks of plants and sweet scented flowers have been massed everywhere, rendering the atmosphere fragrant and balmy with their odor. While at the door a triumphal arch has been erected with a profusion of lilies of the valley.

As the old, gray-haired clergyman took his place the door opened and, with the first bars of Mederman's "Wedding March," appeared Philip, radiant and happy, leading the blushing bride, followed by the gaunt figure of Mr. Johnson and a long line of friends and relatives, all dressed in lavish elegance and taste.

What a moment for the two loving hearts, as with the sweet notes of the organ a new life seemed to open before them.

"Are you happy, dearest?" whispered Philip in Bertha's ear.

She nodded assent. Words failed her.

At half way up the aisle the procession stopped, there was an interruption at the door. Philip, turning his head, glanced at the struggling mass of humanity trying to gain admittance. The noise was so immense that the organist paused in his task. What was going on? Dropping the hand of the bride, he turned, and moved down the aisle. Some friends tried to detain him, but he waved his hand to them to stand aside. Reaching the scene of the trouble he was soon lost among the crowd, while some said they saw him move out into the open air. It was at least a quarter of an hour before the noise ceased and order restored. But the bridegroom did not come. Where was he?

Every head turned anxiously towards the door, but no one appeared to satisfy their eager gaze. Bertha, above all, was conscious of a slight feeling of anxiety.

At last he appeared, emerging from among the crowd. His tall form towering above the rest. Everybody heaved a sigh of relief.

He advanced along the aisle with a downcast look and an unsteady step. Many of the gentlemen and ladies questioned him but he was silent. He seemed to have undergone a transformation. His eyes did not shine with brilliancy, his face not beamed with smiles. Everyone noticed the change in him but kept silent, wondering what had been the cause.

Here the organ resumed the tuneful music.

"What was the trouble?" whispered Bertha.

"Nothing," he muttered between his teeth, not even glancing at her.

The strains of the march ceased as the clergyman, raising his eyes and facing the couple, began—

"Philip, wilt thou take Bertha here present for thy lawful wife?"

But to the amazement of all the bridegroom did not answer—his eyes resting ahead. Then, suddenly, as though waking from a dream, his lips opened, and apparently taking in the situation, answered almost inaudibly—

"I will."

"And thou, Bertha," resumed the clergyman, "wilt thou take Philip here present to be thy lawful husband?"

The bride, without embarrassment, replied clearly—

"I will."

Then the balance of the ceremony went on without further interruption. Every spectator held their breath until the clergyman's voice seemed to ring in every ear—

"By the authority committed in me, I pronounce you man and wife!"

The organ again renders the soft strains, and after receiving the congratulations of their friends, the couple headed the brilliant procession to the door.

The crowd outside reverently moved aside, opening the way for them to pass. A light wind was sighing among the boughs of the trees, and some thick clouds sailing across the space above, assuming great intensity as they sped along.

Bertha gave one long pitying glance to the poor that had gathered on the porch, and spoke sweetest words of comfort. Philip looked on somewhat coldly. Surely, this was the first time that he had ever appeared cold and forlorn.

They had [illegible] when above the murmur of the wind a loud, mysterious moan was heard, and almost simultaneously a man, almost bent double, appeared from out of the shrubberies on the roadside, and with one leap fell all in a heap at the feet of the astonished bride.

The blood froze in every heart and an exclamation of dismay dropped from every lip, as the form and features of the unknown lying stretched on the ground, were those of Phillip's!

A tiny stream of blood, slowly congealing, oozed from a wound below the heart, painting the white shirt-front with crimson stains.

All eyes now turned upon the bridegroom, scanning him from head to foot, while he, strangely enough, had his eyes cast in the distance.

"An impostor!" cried many voices, and in their mad frenzy they were almost struck dumb with the remarkable resemblance between the two.

Bertha, casting away the hand that held her, dropped on her knees and lifted the dying man's head. Everybody seemed to turn to stone.

Yes, it was Philip!

With a heartrending scream she fell in a dead swoon on her lover's heart's blood.

"Bertha, my dear!" cried Mr. Johnson, stooping over his daughter, while a deep sob shook his frame.

A dozen men advanced madly towards the mysterious bridegroom, whose face was now deathly pale, and who appeared completely at bay. But their threats fell short, as the man, with a distracted faraway look in his eyes, moved slowly across the green lawn, staggering like a drunken person. Some started to follow him but they had not gone far before they stopped. The man was toddling towards the river, where a white-robed figure and a bony hand seemed to beckon him. He walked on, nevertheless of danger, not turning to right or left. His feet touched the water and he sank deeper and deeper, and now—now the waves rushed over him! Outraged nature was done penance to.

Everything had happened in a shorter time than it takes to write it. Words were choked in every person's mouth, rendering them silent spectators to this sickening scene.

Slowly their gaze again turned to the dying man.

He gave a light moan. His hand was lifted and laid on the wound on his breast. His eyes opened and rested on vacancy, the shadow of death seemed to have already settled in them.

His lips moved.

"Where—is—he? Is—he—gone? My—brother!"

His voice seemed to linger lovingly on the word "brother."

Then he sighed heavily—the sigh of a parting spirit.

* * * * * *

It is midnight!

Silence deep and profound reigns within the church—the silence of death! Everything is draped in mourning, and on a catafalque, with a burning taper at each end, a body lies in state, covered with a black filmsy veil.

It is that of a lover murdered on his wedding day!

Struggling moonbeams have forced their way into the dark edifice, casting long, trembling bars of light across the pews.

The silence is almost sepulchral!

Hark! A sound is heard!

Like a gust of wind, it is heard again, and then the low rustling of a woman's skirt. A black form emerges from the gloom and moves slowly down the aisle, pausing at every step, and stopping before the catafalque. A number of times two long arms tries in vain to lift the coverlet.

At last it succeeds. A moonbeam is playing upon the ghastly, colorless face.

The shrouded figure stands gazing at the awe inspiring sight, and then falls on her knees—the head resting in the folds of the burial cloth.

A low smothered sob issues through the thick black veil, and a soul, pure and stainless, spreads its wings heavenward.

Long Lost.

BY H. G.

TO be robbed of $10,000 in notes, and after a lapse of three years to get them all back again, every note fresh and clean as when you first received it from the bank, is not an every-day experience.

The thief had been convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, hidden it in some safe place of concealment, and that when he recovered his liberty he would unearth it from its hiding, and start the world afresh with my $10,000 as his capital.

On a night in February, as I sat late at my desk, there called upon me a warder from the Strangeways Jail at Manchester, telling me that the man who was convicted for stealing my money would be liberated the following day, and, if I cared to make it worth his while he would have a watch set upon the prisoner with a view to recovering the treasure should he, as was suspected, have it still concealed.

I accepted his proposal, and soon after mid-night was on my way back to Manchester with the prison warder.

He told me that he did not propose himself to do the watching, but that it would be done by a man who had at one time been a warder of the jail, but had left the place some years ago.

From this man I learned that the ticket-of-leave man had taken up his place of abode in a northern suburb of the city, and arrangements had been made by which he (the ex-warder) would be informed of all his movements.

The thief had been convicted under the name of James Gale, and it was not until a year later that I discovered "Jim" Gale to be one of the aliases of the notorious housebreaker and burglar Charles Peace.

On the second day after my arrival in Manchester we learned that the ticket-of-leave man had made arrangements with a carter to accompany him out to some open fields lying on the confines of a northern suburb of the city.

About eight o'clock in the evening the thief joined the carter whom he had engaged, bringing with him a pickaxe and shovel. He had changed his dress, and appeared an ordinary laborer.

When we reached the fields in the suburbs it was close upon nine o'clock and pitch dark. The thief had, however, provided himself with a lantern, and by its light we saw him busily engaged in digging at a spot about thirty yards from the roadside.

The carter whom he had brought with him had remained with his horse and cart in the roadway, so that we could not approach very near for fear of being observed.

Consequently we turned back along the road, and then striking across the field at right angles were able to approach the scene of operations from the further side. By this means we were able to get within a few feet of the thief without being observed.

He was busily engaged, and already had sunk a pit of some feet in depth. He had placed his lantern in the hole, and was himself standing in it and throwing out the soil in large shovelfuls. The hole we then saw was at the foot of a large heap of stones, which had evidently been used as a landmark to identify the spot.

Making a circuit to the right, we got to the back of the head of stones, and approaching, were able to get up close to the thief without being observed and to look down upon him at his work.

He was so busy that he would not have noticed us had we been even less cautious than we were. The hole was now sunk to a depth of six feet, and the thief had to exert himself considerably to throw out the earth.

At last, with a grunt of satisfaction, he stopped in his work and stooped down. His shovel had struck the lid of a large square box. Another minute and he had the lid opened, and we saw before us a collection of old silver tankards and salvers and spoons, and a small box or casket. This he opened, and in it we saw still bright and glittering, a mass of jewelry.

There were rings and chains and bracelets, but what struck us more than all else was a magnificent diamond tiara, containing stones of marvelous size and brilliance.

And beneath the diamonds was a packet of papers which, with a great gasp of satisfaction, I recognized as the bank notes this man had stolen, now nearly seven years ago.

Having satisfied himself that the stolen booty was still there, the thief closed the box and lifted it up to the surface of the ground. He placed it on the edge at the foot of the heap of stones behind which we were concealed, and over the top of which we were observing him.

I had drawn the revolver with which I had provided myself, and was quite prepared for the moment when he should see us.

[illegible] started when he found himself face to face with a loaded revolver, he did not quail. Anger, rather than fear was the emotion which expressed itself upon his features.

"Curse you," he said. "What has it got to do with you?"

"Nothing, only that you've got my bank notes in that box, and that the rest of it has got to be handed over to the police."

The thief still retained the same position, with one knee raised to the bank of earth and his other foot still resting at the bottom of the hole.

One of his hands, however, had stolen into his coat pocket, and though I had not noticed it, my companion had done so, and exclaimed:—

"Now, No. 189, drop that, or you're a dead man," at the same time covering him with his revolver.

"And if I do, what then? How much do you want? I'll give you half of it and I keep the rest."

"We shall hand you over to the police with the swag."

No sooner had the words left my lips than the thief, grown desperate at the prospect of again returning to prison to work out the remainder of his sentence, drew from his pocket the revolver upon which his fingers had been resting during the latest few moments and fired point-blank at me.

The bullet grazed my shoulder and passed harmlessly away. Not so, however, the shot with which my companion had replied to it.

He had been prepared for a demonstration of this kind, and scarcely had the thief fired than he received in reply a slug which struck the hand in which his revolver was held, shattering the stock of the weapon and two of the fingers which held it.

With a cry of pain the thief disappeared within the hole, and, calling to me to follow him, the warder jumped into the hole after him, and had him handcuffed before he could make any further attempt of violence.

I had assured myself on the way to the police station that the papers in the box were indeed as I had anticipated, my own missing bank-notes, and thankful indeed was I so strangely to recover possession of my long lost money.

One tenth of the world is still unexplored.

HIS AWFUL REVENGE.

MOST awful is the vengeance which General Antonio Ezeta inflicts on those who trifle with his impulsive Central American affections. Bluebeard in his palmiest days was a lamb compared to the fiery Salvadoran warrior, who has lately made San Francisco his home. According to tradition the man with the indigo whiskers chopped off the heads of his faithless wives and hung them up as a warning to other women.

At this late date and in his present surroundings Ezeta cannot well decapitate anybody, but he can do the next best thing. He revenged himself on fickle San Francisco maidens by hacking the heads off their photographs, taken at his own expense, and chucking the faces into the fireplace. This is more satisfactory to one of Antonio's disposition than turning the pictures to the wall. The method also does away with soiled carpets, morgue wagons, inquests and other incidentals which would prove more or less annoying to the fastidious General. Of course, in his own country Antonio would not stop at guillotining photographs and tin-types alone, but that has nothing to do with the present affair. The decapitated charmer still lives, but twenty-five or thirty headless photographs of her fascinating self adorn the furniture in Ezeta's room at the California Hotel.

Among them is the curtailed trunk of a fat interpreter who transmitted the General's ardent love passages second handed to the fair adored one. In the first mad spasm of jealous rage Ezeta lopped off the head of his interpreter, and then fired the young man bodily, for the maiden was more infatuated with the transmitter than with the sender of love's sweet promptings. So, to get even, the hot tempered wooer from afar mutilated the photos of the false one.

It was shortly after his return from Mexico that Salvador's illustrious citizen and soldier got tangled up in the tender meshes of love. The green eyed monster bobbed up, and Ezeta drew his keen edged blade on the photographs.

He first met the girl at his hotel. She [illegible] to attract the [illegible] type of General. She had wavy black tresses, creamy complexion and lustrous orbs which fairly sparkled when the electric lights shone on them. She was only sixteen years of age, but knew considerable for one so young. It is doubtful, though, if the dear creature knew at that time how it feels to have one's head cut off— in a photograph.

Through the effort of her aunt, Ezeta and the girl were brought together. The fat interpreter was the medium of exchange for the heart throbs and other symptoms experienced by the lovers. First the interpreter submitted the proposition of the aunt to have the General meet the girl. The fire eater was agreeable, and they met. At the opening interview the fat interpreter made known the opinion of both regarding the weather and kindred topics, while the aunt sat by and smiled indulgently. Ezeta was deeply smitten. He told his hired mouthpiece to inform the maiden that he was much charmed by her presence. She blushed as best she could, and said she would be pleased to have the General call. The General was more than pleased, and did call on the aunt and her delightful relative at their home in a fashionable Sutter street boarding house. Ezeta called often—so often, in fact, that his patrician feet soon wore a trail in the cement sidewalks. The interpreter, went with him, as without that valued assistant the General could only sit and gasp and gurgle in the presence of his inamorata.

The courtship progressed with startling velocity with the aid of the fat interpreter. He was present at all the seances, and presumably acquired some valuable pointers. At any rate the interpreter took to calling during off hours and making love on his own hook. He succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, and soon the dark, wavy tresses were depositing dandruff on two coat collars, but at different times in the day. While Ezeta was at home thinking blithely of the future his traitorous man Friday was loafing around in the Sutter street boarding house treating the maiden fair to taffy right off the hook.

At last the General discovered the state of affairs. Pointing his finger at the interpreter, he said:—

"Base creature, I know all. Vamoose."

The interpreter went, but left his picture behind on the mantel piece. It was well that the talking man left when he did, for

Ezola hauled out his trusty razor and carved the face of the false, interpretor from the picture and cremated the hated lineaments in the fireplace. With his wrath thus somewhat appeased the bold warrier forgave the fickle maiden, who then and there promised to be true to her own soldier lover. But alas! the fat interpreter loomed up again and Ezola caught his sweetheart flirting with the human photograph. He at once cast the faithless one off forever and commenced to decapitate her photographs at the rate of three or four cuts each day.

Meet Me in the Lane.

BY A. G.

"MEET me in the lane when the clock strikes nine,' why that's a line of a song, silly, that you have picked up. True, it is addressed to Bob, but what of that? I can trust him."

The speaker, a bonnie brown eyed little woman twisted a slip of paper in her hand, a perplexed look puckering her pretty fresh face. She stood by an open window; it was a bright breezy morning, and the roses sent in distilled sweetness after the recent rain.

A stylish-looking woman, daintily dressed in a walking-costume of grey, smiled at the young wife's words, as she said in a tone of commiseration:

Well, you do as you like, dear, it is your business, not mine; but if I were you, I'd be in the lane before them. You are blinded by your love for your husband, dear. I declare it made my blood boil to see you brushing his coat, holding his gloves, and worshipping him as though he were a god, this morning when I had this paper in my hand. Pluck up spirit, Nell, and see what this means."

Nell sank into a seat and burst into a flood of tears, saying:

"Oh, you have made me so unhappy. I can't believe Bob would deceive me. Why, we have not been married a year and he seems so fond of me."

"Of course he does, and it is, I can[illegible]e say, in a sense, but 'men were deceivers ever.'"

[illegible]

love what need to me unknown."

"Well, dear, keep to your belief. I must be off or I shall miss my 'bus and get late in town. I'll look in as I return and see what you have decided to do?"

The daily governess buttoned her long gloves, kissed her friend's burning cheek and departed, a malicious pleasure beating in her envious heart, that the cloud had come at last over the happy loves of her two friends, one of whom she had once hoped to hold by a nearer and dearer title.

Nelly Meyrick sat in dismal misery till the little maid-servant came and removed the breakfast, then she rose mechanically and went about the dear domestic duties that seemed so dull to-day. Poor little Nell, her trustful loving heart was wrung by a cruel suspicion, for all her brave words to her friend. She had a vague dread that her handsome loving husband was deceiving her; her jealousy was aroused. Most women are more or less jealous, and unhappy for her, Nell was "more."

She wandered about her pretty home disconsolate; she could not work, she wished the time to pass that she might prove the truth or falseness of her husband. She dressed herself carefully that evening, she felt a new pride in her pretty looks; it should not be her fault if her husband found another fairer.

Brooding over her fancied wrong all day had swelled it to vast dimensions; jealousy picked up and pieced together a string of evidence all bearing on the belief that her husband cared less for her than formerly.

Nell's heart ached with a bitter restless pain, for she loved her husband with all the fond devotion of her clinging womanly nature, and had been so proud of his love and care of her. Now her world seemed tottering beneath her feet, and she found herself growing cold to her lord with a bitter resentful sorrow. She almost hated her bosom friend for bringing this secret to light.

"If Belle had been kind she would have given Bob the paper back when he dropped it, and have asked him its meaning, and, more than that, might have pleaded with him for me, reminding him of my dependence on him for happiness—oh, even life!—for I shall die if he cease to love me. To know him unfaithful would break my heart."

So thought the poor lonely child, for she was little more, as she sat in the gloaming, curled up in a pet armchair, looking in her pink draperies like a tumbled wild rose. So absorbed was she in her brooding that she did not go to meet Bob when she heard his step on the garden-path.

He came into the house surprised, for she had never failed to give him a glad greeting. He lifted her out of the chair and kissed her lovingly, saying:

"Why, little woman, I believe you were asleep—idle little pet!—I missed my welcome. What is the matter, darling? Your forehead is like fire. Are you ill?"

"I'm all right, Bob; don't fuss about me. I have got a bad headache and a cold. I shall be well in the morning. Ring the bell for Bessie to bring the lamp."

Bob did as desired, wondering at his wife's peevish tone, but when the light showed her white wan looks and haggard eyes, he exclaimed in dismay:

"Nell, you are ill; lie down on the sofa, dear, and let me pet you. I'll bring your tea to you, and read you to sleep, poor little woman. Why did you not see you felt ill?"

Nellie allowed him to lead her to the sofa, and make her cosy among the pillows. His kindness stirred a fresh pain in her heart. She longed to unburden her pain to him and receive his denial, but she remembered Belle had made her promise to keep silent, so she contented by laying her cheek to his and twining her hands about his neck as he bent over her, anxious at her weary looks.

"You do love me a little, Bob?"

"A little, wife! why I love you better than all the world. I do believe you've got the 'blues,' through moping alone here all day. You should go out, pet, and get some bright looks to welcome me. Dear little girl, let me get you some tea, perhaps it will do your head good."

He tucked a rose in his wife's bosom as he spoke, and kissed her tenderly. Nell choked back a sob as he left her, and then she watched his clumsy attempt at pouring out tea, saw him flood the cups and saucers from the overflow of the tea-pot, which he declared must leak.

"Nonsense, you silly fellow, it is because you pour it out too fast," said a bright [illegible] and Belle, rosy and fresh from a [illegible]

did not believe in his wife having a bosom friend. Belle bustled about, pitied Nell, put the tea-table to rights, and took the cup out of Bob's kind clumsy hands that he was carrying to his weary little wife.

After this, Belle sang and played for them, and Bob found his wife was crying. He soothed her gently, then went to write some business letters that he said must go off that night.

At a quarter to nine he put his head into the parlor door, with a pipe in his mouth, said, "I am just off to post these, pet; I won't be more than twenty minutes," and was gone.

Then Nell got up, two feverish spots burning upon her cheeks. "Lend me your cloak, Belle, it is dark, and will cover me up."

Belle complied, wrapping the trembling little figure into its sombre folds, and hiding the pretty fair head in a "granny" bonnet.

Nell hurried off, bidding Belle wait until her return. With flying feet the poor little woman sped along the dusky lane that led to the highway, her light footfall making no sound, and her flying figure sheltered from sight by the shadow of the trees.

At the end of the lane, leaning on the stile, two forms were distinctly visible in the moonlight. One she saw at once was her husband's, the other a tall slim shape, that of a young woman who seemed in distress.

Nelly paused at a little distance, an awful heartache almost stifling her; she seemed to have fallen into a vast sea of trouble, her brain reeled. Oh, what should she do with her life after this bitter night; all hope died out of her heart. "Oh, unhappy life that must live on without love!"

Presently she saw Bob put his hand into his pocket and count out some money saying: "I can't do this again; I have my wife and home to consider. I would not have done this if it were not for the child. Now I must go, good night! I will write again soon."

Then he kissed the woman, coldly, yet kindly, helped her over the stile, and turned to retrace his steps back to his home. As the woman stood a second the moonlight full upon her face, and Nelly noticed she was genteel and pretty, but had a careworn look, and was shabbily dressed in clothes that had been handsome. Nell shrank back into the hedge as her husband passed, waited till he was out of sight and then got over the stile and went on wearily, she knew not whither. So full of thought was she, that she did not notice how far she went until her feet failed her, and she sat down on a rugged stone bridge that spanned the river like a giant's hand.

Then she sank down, worn out with a queer weariness of mind and a dull ache of body; the big bright moon looked down coldly upon her.

She did not know how long she sat there, but all at once her misery seemed to reach a climax. Her heart beat wildly, a great passionate, resentful despair assailed her.

The river looked so calm and silent. She had heard drowning was an easy death, and it seemed so hard to live now all the bright future was broken up by this big pain.

She was but a girl—a child almost—wildly wicked through her surpassing suffering, and so she thought it would be easy to end all and go where there is no pain.

Then, all at once, just as she had climbed the stone parapet, her brain cleared. She remembered her dead mother. Like a flash of light the dear face came to mind, with the thought, dared she meet her with the sin of suicide upon her soul?

Then she held back, and stepped again up on to the bridge, and her senses left her.

She opened her eyes in her husband's arms in her own bower of a bedchamber. He was very white and stern-looking, but reproached her only by saying:

"My wife might have faith in me if all the world failed me."

Then, seeing she had suffered, he said, holding her fondly to her heart:

"The woman I went to meet, Nell, was my sailor brother Charles's wife, a careless creature, always in difficulty, never can make his pay last; but I am tired of lending her money, and should not have done so now, only their boy is ill. I meant to have told you all this, but your bosom friend was here, and I did not care to discuss our domestic bothers before her. I don't fancy she will show up again in a hurry. (the darling, I was so frightmistrust me again."

"Indeed I will not, Bob; only forgive me."

After this, perfect confidence strengthened their love, and if Nell ever gets jealous, Bob has only to sing, "Meet me in the lane when the clock strikes nine," and the storm blows over.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—The following report of a little suit for "breach of promise" proves that, if justice has its bad points, it also sometimes has good ones. The plaintiff, Miss Amelia Donnerschley, claimed two hundred dollars damages from August Birkir, who promised to marry her, and then refused to fulfil his promise.

Defendant: "I resided, your honor, eight months with the young lady and her mother, and I found it so impossible to live with the latter that I refuse to marry the daughter."

Judge: "Had the mother signified her intention of living with you after your marriage, to look after your housekeeping, and take care of your money?"

Defendant: "Yes, your honor."

Judge (sympathetically): "Proceed, young man."

Defendant: "Though I love the young lady, I have broken off the engagement on account of the mother."

Judge: "Well, my young friend, which would you prefer—to pay two hundred dollars, or marry the plaintiff and live with your mother-in-law?"

Defendant: "Pay two hundred dollars."

Judge: "Young man, let me shake hands with you. There was a time in my life when I was in the very situation that you are in now. Had I possessed your firmness, I should have been spared twenty five years of trouble of all kinds. I had the alternative of marrying or paying a hundred and twenty-five dollars in gold. Being poor, I got married, and for twenty five years have I regretted it. I am happy to meet a man of your stamp. My decision is that you are acquitted, and that the plaintiff shall pay ten dollars and the costs for having thought of putting a gentleman under the dominion of a mother-in-law."

Have you ever tried Dobbins' Electric Soap? It don't cost much for you to get one bar of your grocer, and see for yourself why it is praised by so many, after 25 years steady sale. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

At Home and Abroad.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is not only the best looking, but the best educated Queen in Europe. She knows English, French, German, Spanish and Latin thoroughly, and she speaks them as fluently as she does her own Italian. She is a good Greek scholar, and is not only familiar with the masterpieces of European literature, and quotes Petrarch, Dante and Goethe, but is so fond of Shakespeare that she has written for her own amusement a little work on his heroines.

A Spring"eld, N. J., farmer has for some months been bedridden from rheumatism. A few days ago, acting on the recommendation of a friend, the farmer's wife placed half a dozen tightly corked beer bottles filled with water in the stove to heat, as a remedy for the disease. Presently the six bottles exploded, wrecking the stove and shattering the windows. Nearly frightened to death, the bedridden farmer bounded to his feet and rushed from the house. When he returned all traces of the rheumatism had vanished and has not since returned.

It is a sufficient commentary of the rigor of the police power in Russia that the Chief of Police of St. Petersburg has issued an order forbidding women to ride bicycles or tricycles in public, and that prominent society women have humbly petitioned for a withdrawal of the edict. In the presence of any assigned reason for the promulgation of this decree it is fair to assume that no reason can be given. At all events, it is impossible to coincide with reason or common sense an exercise of authority which permits the sale of feminine "wheels" and yet sweepingly prohibits their use.

The bestowment upon Prince Bismarck of the hereditary title of "Highness" upon the occasion of the eightieth anniversary of his birthday can scarcely be considered an addition to his honors. When the Prince retired from the German chancellerie he was created Duke of Lauenburg, but the veteran statesman has hitherto refused to avail himself of this empty title best known to history by this unofficial sobriquet; and his pathetic countrymen will longest remember him as the architect of the German Empire, which he bound and cemented with "iron and blood."

A New York woman is making determined efforts to keep her worthless husband in jail. About a year ago she had him committed for refusing to support her and her child. Last October the day before his liberation, she swore out a warrant charging him with having beaten her a year before. The man was convicted and sentenced to three months. On the day of the expiration of this second term the wife had him arrested under a peculiar law, on the ground of abandonment. A short time was again awarded him. Now she charges that he is a burglar who escaped some time ago from Sing Sing. But here her luck failed, for she could not bring forward the necessary proof, and the man gained his freedom.

Judge Martine, of New York, who is very ill, unfortunately has a neighbor who has caught the Wagnerian infection, and who persists in playing gems from the Trilogy all day long with all the vigor of her nature, and with the pedals of the piano down. The Judge's physician has asked for an interlude in the "music of the future;" and the request having proved futile, the Board of Health will next be appealed to. Whether the Board of Health can interfere with the Wagnerian business—or, rather, with an aggravated combination of Wagnerism and insatiate amateurism—is a matter of doubt to lay minds; but the issue raises a very fine point of law as to the respective rights of human life and high art.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

MELINDA MAGPIE.

BY W. E. C.

IF it had not been such a very slack time in Court, the affair of Melinda Magpie versus Merrywig Magpie would probably have been quashed. That is to say, the serjeant with the long bill would have marched them both out into the back yard, and said—"There, fight it out comfortably between yourselves, and don't be bothering the Honorable Court. Peck away, my hearties, and make the feathers fly!" But as it was, the "Honorable Court" was rather pleased to have something to do. Briefly stated, the case was as follows:

Miss Melinda Magpie, age uncertain, likewise temper, sued Merrywig Magpipe, her nephew, for feloniously stealing her treasures, hidden in the thatch of a certain hay-rick. To this Master Merrywig Magpie replied, stating—First, that he hadn't stolen any treasures whatever; secondly, that there were none to steal; thirdly, that his aunt had hidden them where he could not possibly find them; fourthly, that she was a thief herself, and oughtn't to talk about other people.

He had engaged Mr. Jackdaw, a clever counsel, to be on his side. "If you get me off," he said to him, "I will give you a best silver spoon and two gilt studs."

"Trust to me," answered the counsel, with a wink; "and if it should unfortunately go against you, I will see that you are hanged as nicely and comfortably as possible."

"What are you talking about?" cried Merrywig, getting very red in the face. "Hanged, indeed! I never heard such nonsense."

Mr. Jackdaw prudently retreated, and Mr. Magpie was taken into custody by a couple of stern policemen—rooks, who put foot cuffs on him and locked him up in a cage until the day of the trial. To make things level, they next proceeded to take Miss Melinda Magpie to prison; and after that, they went out with a net, and bagged twelve birds to sit on the jury. These [illegible]

Justice.

The judge was an imposing-looking parrot, with a severe round eye and a beak that inspired respect.

When they were all settled, Mr. Pelican coughed, and said: "I am for the plaintiff, my lord: Miss Melinda Magpie."

"Very good, Mr. Pelican; and take a little water for that tickling in your throat."

"Your lordship is extremely good. My client, your lordship, is a most amiable bird, highly respected in the neighborhood, and beloved by all who know her. All unsuspicious of evil, this dear lady was accustomed to keep her family plate in the thatch of an adjoining hay-rick. Now, my lord——"

The judge at this point waved his pen.

"Produce the hay rick, Mr. Pelican," he remarked.

"I beg your pardon, my lord?"

"Are you deaf, Mr. Pelican, or only wool-gathering? I repeat, produce that hay-rick, and as quickly as possible, too. The trial cannot proceed until that hay-rick is brought into Court. Bless my wig, sir! it is a most important witness."

Miss Melinda's counsel turned a lively green, while Mr. Jackdaw and his party chuckled openly. The plaintiff wept into a large red handkerchief sprinkled with yellow stars, until it occurred to her that she would certainly lose her case unless something were done at once. To this end she gave her counsel a furious poke in the back with her umbrella.

"You're a pretty pelican!" she cried in a loud whisper. "Use your brains, man, if you have any, and don't sit there like a sign-post!"

The good lady had better have held her tongue, for her unfortunate counsel, irritated beyond endurance, caught up a glass of water and emptied it over her best bonnet.

There was a loud scream, which woke up the judge, who had been dozing in the meantime.

"Order in the Court!" shouted the usher.

"Six months' hard labor all round," muttered the judge.

Mr. Jackdaw now popped up, and said: "May I request your lordship to give a verdict in favor of my client?"

"Certainly," murmured the judge drowsily: "transportation for life."

"My lord," whispered the usher in remonstrance; whereupon Judge Parrot opened his eyes wide, and demanded angrily:

"Has that hay-rick come into Court yet?"

There was a dead silence: then Mr. Pelican had a brilliant inspiration. Up he jumped, crying in an agitated voice:

"My lord, the hay-rick cannot come to the Court; I propose that the Court go to the hay-rick."

"Very good," said the judge. "Mr. Pelican, you are a man of sense. Order carriages at once."

He got into his coach, drawn by six gray rats; the jurymen were bundled into the prisoners' van, and the rest of the party took anything they could get. So they set out, and Miss Melinda, driving a little gig, went first, to show the way.

On the way, however, they met a cat's funeral. First came sixteen kittens, their tails tied up with black ribbons, walking two and two sedately. Next came eight gentlemen in long cloaks, each leading a lady-cat by the paw. Six mourners carried the deceased, on whose coffin was painted "Grimalkin Grizzlewhisker, aged eight"; and more cats brought up the rear.

At the sight of this melancholy procession the judge's party came to a standstill.

His lordship popped his head out of the carriage window, and bawled: "Now then, coachman, what are you stopping for?"

But even his noble countenance changed when he saw the cat's funeral. "Usher, open the door; I think I would prefer to walk," he cried.

"Let us out! let us out!" shrieked the jurymen, who were boxed in, but could just see out of the window.

At that moment a burst of loud "miaows" came from the funeral party. Kittens and cats, they all dashed down upon the unfortunate birds. "Grimalkin Grizzlewhisker, aged eight," was pitched into the grass at the side of the road by her dear friends and relations, who went capering off as fast as they could gallop. Mr. Pelican defended himself gallantly with his formidable bill, and the judge distributed awful pecks in every direction, and managed to get into a tree. The poor jurymen were gobbled up in a trice; for although they could not get out, the cats managed to get in. It was [illegible] away. Presently he passed a hay-rick, and whom should he see perched upon it but Miss Melinda Magpie.

"Ah, Miss Melinda!" he sighed, "you and I are the only survivors."

"Then I've won my case," returned Miss Melinda triumphantly. "I saw Merrywig pounced upon by five cats. My lord, here is the hay-rick, and here am I, and there are you. What more do you want?"

"Nothing," said the judge, with gravity. "I give a verdict in your favor and much good may it do you."

GRANT.—General Grant once interfered in a most unwarranted and arbitrary manner with a "poker" game. The story is told in a Chicago paper by Mr. Andrew Dancer, who says:

"It was shortly after the battle of Shiloh, and we Confeds were feeling pretty badly down in the mouth. I was on the advance picket line one bright moonlight night, and the Yanks had a post only a few hundred yards away. We shot at each other until we got tired of the sport; then we swapped coffee and tobacco. A young Yankee corporal walked right into our post, sat down on a log as unconcerned as you please, and asked us if we knew how to play draw poker. Did we? We rather thought we did! Had we any greenbacks? A few. Then he pulled out a deck of cards, and we sat down to play.

"Pretty soon after another Yankee came over, then another, until there were six of them, and we all joined in and played a wide-open game, forgetting that the cruel war was not over. Luck came my way, and I soon had every body but the Yankee corporal broke. The rest were squatted around, blue and gray, watching the game, when there came that ugly 'c-l-i-c-k' so familiar to the soldier's ear. We looked up, and there stood a Yankee serjeant with four men, their muskets cocked.

"'Members of the 49th, consider yourselves under arrest!' said the serjeant.

"'Oh, come now, serjeant,' the corporal began, when a horseman reined up behind the guard, and he concluded, 'General Grant, by hokey!'

"The blue-coats got up, looking like a lot of whipped schoolboys, and saluted their commander, who eyed them as sternly as a sphinx. They filed in front of the guard and started for the camp. When their backs were turned on him, Grant removed the cigar from his mouth, and, with a cynical smile, asked the Confederate nearest him:

"'Who's ahead?'

"'Oh, we're ahead!' replied the defender of the Stars and Bars.

"'Those chumps you've brought down here can't play poker; but they can fight, General,' I remarked.

"'Have to sometimes,' said Grant drily, and rode away."

BLIND CYCLERS.—"In one of the most aristocratic quarters of Paris, where the gilded dome of Napoleon's tomb and the twin towers of St. Francois Xavier are sentinels over historic associations, lies the beautiful Boulevard des Invalides, a long, tree shaded avenue, where sounds march in list slippers and the perfume of flowering shrubs envelopes the senses. One plump shoulder of this charming drive is made interesting by a little grouped commotion every Thursday afternoon.

Through an imposing iron gateway, into the centre of the street, is rolled a curious looking machine of the velocipede order. It consists of nine largest sized bicycles joined together in a chain by means of nickel bars, the guide, the second, in front. In its wake follow eight young men, of about 18, dressed in a uniform of dark blue, with gilt buttons, flat caps and heels, the pantaloons neatly caught around the ankles by clamps. Neat cuffs and collars and well trimmed hair, show careful attention to the person.

The expression of the faces is cheerful, almost gay, the carriage straight and manly, but gentle and unforceful. This, with a certain timidity of bearing, makes one glance again to see that the party is entirely blind! They have walked through the gateway, crossed the sward, and reached the queer machine without guide or direction, and commence at once that masonic trick of adjustment of wheel and handle known to the bicycle fraternity. Chatting and smiling, each of the eight finds his special steed and stands beside it."

RURAL LIFE.—Both town and country have their own advantages. In the country one has nature; in the city, activity. In the country, vegetation; in the city, emulation. In the country, leisure [illegible] ing out. In the country, life sometimes wearisomely slow; in the city, life always painfully fast. In the country you make friends, in the city acquaintances; in the country you know all but a few neighbors, in the city you jostle against innumerable strangers; in the country you live in undress, in the city you are always on dress parade; in the country you rest, in the city you work; the country is God's Sabbath, the city man's week-day. The country is God-made, the city man made; in the country are birds, in the city orchestras; in the country flowers, in the city dresses; in the country sunsets, in the city art collections; in the country stars, in the city gas lights. Strike your balance.

YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.—The honeymoon is not all honey; and marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a gleam soon broke. Of course the enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courting days will not as a rule survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel towards each other each much as two chums at college, or two partners in a business who are at the same time old and well-tried friends. Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic, and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be.

BY WINDMILL POWER.—It may be of interest to those who live in districts remote from electric light and power plants to know that the windmill is coming in fashion for the generation of electricity. It was first used for this purpose by a well-known American pioneer in the electric lighting field, but it is now being adopted in Europe for the lighting of country houses. In an installation of this nature at the residence of a gentleman at St. Lunaire, France, the windmill is placed on a masonry tower at a height of thirty-three feet from the ground, and the power is transmitted by gearing and belt to a dynamo, which charges a number of storage battery cells. In this way current is provided for the lighting of the whole house and for other domestic purposes.

The safest means of getting rid of a bad cough is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Every year 2,200 vessels are lost at sea.

One cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,203 pounds.

Oranges are grown in every continent of the world.

California has more artesian wells than any other country.

A Parisian claims to have invented a paper which is incombustible.

A new telegraphic invention will convey 500 words a minute over the wires.

During the last two centuries the wealth of Great Britain has increase forty-fold.

Flammarion says the world is cooling off, and that Europe has lost two degrees this century.

Missouri has a bill before the Legislature to prevent people from shipping green watermelons for ripe ones.

Roasted coffee, and ground coffee-beans, mixed with honey, are used to restore broken down horses in Germany.

Massachusetts may claim great credit to herself over the fact that of her 353 towns and cities, 321 contain free libraries.

A thousand millions of the animalcules found in stagnant water do not collectively equal the size of a grain of sand.

Indiarubber used for erasing pencil marks was known in England as early as 1770. A cube of it half an inch square cost a shilling.

The pupil of the eye contracts or expands in order to admit a greater or less quantity of light, that objects may be clearly seen.

The Department of Labor has begun an investigation into the subject of the increased use of machinery in the industrial world and its effect upon labor.

The staff of the English railroads is mostly made up of men who entered the service as lads and worked their way up. These boys largely came from the farms.

There are hermits in China, it is said, who tear out their eyes, in order, they say, that by closing the two gates of love they may open the thousand gates of wisdom.

Moscow has the finest churches of Russia, and they don't love it any the [illegible] so many [illegible] the

The Turkish Government is the least enterprising of any in the matter of electricity. Enormous sums of money have been offered for electric lighting and telephone privileges, but they have all been refused.

A large wildcat was killed in Belvidere township, Montcalm county, Mich., a few days ago. He was stealthily following some little children returning from school when discovered and killed by Martin Fredrickson.

In wild parts of Southern Africa geraniums grow in great bunches five or six feet in diameter in the most brilliant shades of pink and scarlet. A creeping ivy leafed geranium, and the pelargonium also, are native to that part of the world.

The Egyptians must have studied the art of distilling perfumes to perfection. Some of their ointment preserved in an alabaster vase in the museum at Alnwick is said to still retain a powerful aromatic odor, though it is believed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old.

Japanese matches are so cheap at Bangkok that they can be purchased at the rate of ten boxes a penny. Not a very long time ago, when matches were high priced, the upper classes of Siam had quite a mania for collecting match-box labels. This hobby has now gone out of fashion.

A Wyoming cowboy was attacked by a large lynx the other day while riding across the Bad Lands near the Montana line. The animal jumped on his horse's back, clawing and biting both man and horse in a terrible manner. A companion, who was riding at his side, managed to kill the beast, after firing three shots into his body.

To talk through a human body, or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed, and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.

A Boston paper says that there has recently been discovered an authentic copy of the celebrated Bible printed in Boston in 1761 by Samuel Kneeland, and sent out with a forged imprint of the London printer, Mark Baskett. This book has, besides its peculiar value as a literary forgery, an additional value in that it is now the first English Bible printed in America, and as "firsts" both in editions and in sequence are of special value this volume will bring a very large price when offered for sale.

For rheumatism and neuralgia you cannot get a better remedy than Salvation Oil.

THE GRAVE.

BY S. U. P.

The grave all still and darkling lies
  Beneath its hallowed ground,
And darks the mists to human eyes
  That float its precincts round.

No music of the grove invades
  That dark and dreary way;
And fast the votive flow'rets fades
  Upon its heaving clay.

Yet that oblivion of the tomb
  Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
  The weary wretch retire.

The barque by ceaseless storms oppressed
  Runs madly to the shore;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
  There where it beats no more.

THE SECRETS OF THE PALM.

Chiromancy is from two Greek words, one signifying the hand, the other, "I foretell." It is possible that there is "something in it." No two hands are exactly alike, nor are the lines of any hand affected by its general folding or its construction. There is perhaps a meaning attached to every line and mound in the hand; it only waits for us to find out what that meaning is. The left hand is the one to be studied, as that is the idle hand, less wrought upon by the labors of life than the right hand; therefore the writing is plainer.

The chiromantist in looking into the hand finds a long line going round the thumb; another from the forefinger dashes off toward the little finger; another takes its devious course down the palm from the middle finger to the wrist. Now these lines are crossed and recrossed by a hundred others, all forming a little map, which is said by the initiated to bear much judicious interpretation.

Now we all notice hands, and judge ourselves and others somewhat from the shape thereof.

There is the hand with the too meagre is the nervous hand full of veins, and the knotted hand, strong, vigorous, and cruel. There is the hand with the square fingers and spatulated nails—the hand of a tyrant. There is the long, slender, well-shaped hand with filbert nails—the hand of the idealist, the poet, the painter and the litterateur.

A hand may be extremely expressive and individual without being beautiful. Again, a very beautiful hand like that of Cæsar Borgia in the famous picture, with its long and treacherous taper fingers, instinctively shocks the looker-on; its seems ready to grasp a throat to strangle, rather than to caress.

Then the consistency of the hand must be considered. Is it soft and supple, or firm, even to hardness? The soft hand will indicate a temperate movement and activity; the hard-handed are energetic and powerful. People with soft hands have the little fleshy ball on the face of the outer phalanges more developed; they have taste and tact, which are seldom possessed by those with hard hands.

The beau ideal of a hand is that which is firm without being hard, and supple without being soft. Such hands betoken a liberal intelligence and active mind; they combine theory and practice. However hard such hands work, they rarely become bony, or stiff, or disagreeable.

The thumb has infinite meaning. A miser has a large thumb, square at the end; an idealist has a small, delicate thumb. When a person falls in a fit, he closes his fingers over his thumb. This is almost always the case with those who die suddenly. On the contrary, the live thinker folds his thumb outside of his fingers as he makes a speech or some great mental effort.

The word "poltron" or poltroon comes from the thumb, as cowardly slaves in Rome cut off the thumb so that they need not to be sent to the wars, and so a coward became known as "pollice troncato."

At the root of the thumb lie the indications, more or less developed, of a tendency to love. The first phalange we denominate the phalange of logic, while in the second phalange we look for the indications of will, invention, decision and prompt action. If the second, or outer, phalange of the thumb be narrow, mean and short, the will is a weak one, the person is apt to be guided by others. A large thumb, well shaped and placed, indicates independence, a tendency toward despotism, possession of power, but power born of force, not of charm. Persons with a taste for the occult sciences have large thumbs. One who has smooth fingers and a small thumb has an inborn tendency to poetry and art. A large-thumbed mathematician may bring himself to write poetry, but a small-thumbed poet can never become a practical calculator.

Now there are seven types of hands: The elementary hand—thick, stiff fingers, a short thumb, generally turned back, large, broad, thick palm, very hard. Such hands betoken a grossly material nature. The speculate hand—square fingers and a big thumb, indicates the man who rules the world of things material by intelligence and force. The artistic hand—supple, with large palm and small thumb, and long, straight fingers. The useful hand, of medium size, inclining to be large, the joints of the fingers developed, the outer phalange square, the thumb large, and developed at the root, the palm of medium size, hollowed and firm. To organize, classify, and regulate is the province of this hand. The philosophic hand has a palm of medium size, and pliable; the fingers knotted, having an oval, clubbed appearance. The Psychic hand—the most beautiful of all—perfect in form, seeking for the ideal; and the mixed hand, the common and confusing type.

GROWTH.—The changes which break of a nature whose law is growth. Even more it is the order of nature to grow; and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things—its friends and home and law and faith—as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. If this truth were appreciated as it deserves to be, how much stronger, wiser, more skilful and more capable we should become! How much more valuable we should be to the world!

Grains of Gold.

Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed.

In heaven's arithmetic nothing counts but love.

When you give others advice, take some of it yourself.

The enemies we should most fear are within us, not without.

Infidelity never wrote a line that was comforting on a death bed.

No matter who has the floor, self-conceit will always find a way to speak.

A baby sin has no more right to live than one that is old enough to vote.

All truth is nonsense to the man who has let a lie make its home in his heart.

No money can buy so much as the dollar that has been honestly earned.

Do not lose faith in mankind. He who doubts everybody is himself to be doubted.

The devil is proud of a grumbler, no matter whether he belongs to church or not.

We hate our own sins most when we see them walking around in the shoes of somebody else.

Men are bound in the devil's ropes because they didn't think it worth while to break his threads.

Before you lose your soul in trying to gain wealth, ask the millionaire how much gold it takes to make one rich.

Listen not to a tale-bearer or slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn.

Courage to meet duty is power to overcome difficulties; without this principle our strength is indeed weakness.

Femininities.

The Czarina is an expert swimmer.

The Queen of Roumania is writing a drama.

Most of the telegrams sent by Queen Victoria are in cipher.

It seems quite natural that the new woman should be very fresh.

Miss Elderly: "What would you do if I should tell you my age?" He: "Multiply it by two."

The "naughty girl curl" is the latest feminine fad. It is worn down the middle of the forehead.

Red hair is of that color because it is supposed to have a larger proportion of sulphur than black hair.

Mary Williams, of Springfield, Mo., intent on suicide, took a taste of carbolic acid, decided she didn't want any more and still lives.

"Highstep seems very blue since Miss Coins threw him over." "Yes; he's heart-broken to think what an excellent husband she has missed."

Nell: "Are you going to the opera to-night?" Belle: "No; what's the use? I have such a frightful cold I can scarcely speak above a whisper."

"I am so glad your sister enjoyed her visit to us, Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith: "Oh, well, she is the sort of girl who can enjoy herself almost anywhere."

Among Hindoo women there are instances of the highest attainments. Calcutta can boast of several that have taken high degrees in medicine and science.

"I would like to look at some fur-trimmings, please." "What fur, please?" asked the clerk. "I want it for a dress, but I don't see what difference it can make to you."

"John," whispered Mrs. John in the dead of the night, "there are burglars in the house; I heard them." "Very well, my dear," murmured John, sleepily. "I'll attend to it the morning."

The Turkish Sultan's kitchen costs the empire $200,000 annually. The kitchen extends 150 feet on every side. The dishes are sealed in the kitchen by a high official, and are unsealed in the Sultan's presence.

A temperance society has been organized in St. Petersburg, which includes a

It has been discovered by a German scientist that thinking is one of the chief causes of wrinkles, and a Cincinnati paper sagely concludes that this explains how Congressmen manage to preserve their good looks.

The Princess of Bulgaria has won the hearts of the people by her simplicity. She attends the weekly market at Sofia on foot, going from stall to stall to make her purchases, escorted only by a respectful crowd of peasants.

The Queen insists on all her small grandsons wearing Highland dress when they are with her; and even the little girls of the Duke of Connaught wear plaid kilts, Scotch caps, and short jackets while they are under their royal grandmamma's eye.

In making tea in Japan, the hostess pours the powdered tea from the caddy, and the water from the kettle simultaneously into a bamboo dipper, as a French waiter pours hot milk and coffee, and stirs it carefully with a "chosen" bamboo, one end of which is split into small slivers.

Mrs. Lakeside: "You are Mr. Porkchop's second wife, are you not?" Mrs. Porkchop: "Yes; he was married once before." Mrs. Lakeside: "That's unpleasant. Whenever you have a little row he can bring up his first wife and brag about her goodness." Mrs. Porkchop: "He never tried it but once, and then I told him about what nice men my three other husbands were."

Miss Elizabeth Dawes, the first woman to gain a Doctorship in Literature at the University of London, was a distinguished student at Girton. For her doctorship she presented a dissertation on "The Pronunciation of the Greek Aspirates"—greatly the result of study of colloquial Greek at Athens last summer. Her sister, Miss Mary Dawes, became the first lady M. A. of London University in 1884.

Cropping dogs' ears is likely to become less common in England. Two persons who performed the operation have been sent to jail and an owner fined for the offense by a Police Magistrate, and now the Prince of Wales writes that "it would give him much pleasure to hear that owners of dogs had agreed to abandon such an objectionable fashion," and declaring that in his kennels cropping has never been allowed.

A New York paper says that eggs are the latest fad among the women of that city. "It has become a common sight at leading ladies' restaurants in the shopping districts to see whole regiments of women file past the man at the counter busy breaking eggs in wine glasses. The beverage is then tossed down in a single swallow." The eggs are mostly taken straight; but some of the fair shoppers add a little salt and pepper.

Masculinities.

The Massachusetts Legislature proposes to fine every non-voter $5.

A doctor has according to French law, first claim on the estate of a deceased patient.

The "Giants' Club" in Berlin admits to membership no one who is less than six feet in height.

More women than men go blind in Sweden, Norway and Iceland; more men than women in the rest of Europe.

A man recently floated three days on a cake of ice in Lake Michigan. To keep awake he pricked himself frequently with a knife.

A New York agency reports that hotels in the United States during the past year have been swindled out of $22,419.81 by bill jumpers.

The Sac and Fox Indians are said to be the purest blooded red men in the country. They neither marry nor give in marriage outside their own tribe.

In the Middle Ages pepper was so valued that a small packet was considered a suitable present for a noted person on his marriage, or some other great occasion.

A gold-weighing machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage stamp dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of six inches.

The New York town of Bolivar has streets lighted free of expense, by a company which furnishes the illuminant as a payment for the privilege of doing business in the corporation.

The colony of Waldenses at Valdese, Burke county, North Carolina, has, up to this time, held the lands there in common, but now each family takes what it can cultivate and pay for.

A large cat, which succeeded in awaking the father of the house by clawing his whiskers, is credited with saving the Woolfolk family, of Maringo, Ind., recently from being burned.

The Crown Prince of Siam is among the boy authors of the world. He has written several stories for English children's magazines, and can write fluently in three European languages.

Mother: "Johnny, on your way home from school stop at the store and get me a stick of candy and a bar of soap." Father:

A Spaniard made application for citizenship in a New York Court recently on the ground that he was about to go to Cuba to live and wanted to have the protection of the United States. The Court refused this cool request.

Berlin possesses a club called the "Giants," every member of which is six feet tall. Vienna has a "Lazy Club," no member of which does anything for a living; and London a "Baldheaded Club," where nothing but polished skulls are seen.

The "Home Salon" that Bishop Fallows has opened in Chicago is like a saloon in every respect, except that no intoxicating drinks are sold in it. It has the regulation bar, the regulation side tables, sawdust on the floor, white-aproned bartenders and a free lunch.

One of the savings banks in Portland had a book presented for settlement recently which was opened in 1863 with a deposit of $200, followed by $200 in 1864 and $300 in 1868; total deposits $700, of which $528 was withdrawn in 1878. There is now due the depositor a balance of $2027.97.

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school, "can any of you quote a verse from the Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said: "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.

A headless "ghost" frightened the people of Lakeview Heights, L. I., every night for nearly a week. Finally a courageous man living on the outskirts met the apparition and gave chase. Both sprinted in a lively manner. Finally the ghost escaped, but not without losing its mantle, which proved to be a sheet ingeniously shaped with bits of wood.

Last August, in order to disprove the old superstition, 13 Buffalo healthy young men took a trip together and ate several meals together, and wound up the performance by having their photographs taken in a group. Within two months three of the party died suddenly. The rest of the party have become frightened and are taking unusual precautions in regard to their health, besides increasing their insurance policies.

Sicily had been reduced to such a condition by brigandage at the time Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne, that land could not be given away, and the old nobility, who had enjoyed ample incomes for generations from their broad acres, were reduced to positive misery. The king employed one gang of brigands to hunt down another gang, and he made each locality responsible for the depredations committed within its limits. The plague was thus extirpated.

Latest Fashion Phases.

It is quite the thing in Paris to match the veil to the costume, and to introduce the fashion here there is a large importation of veilings in the beautiful dahlia and heliotrope shades, dotted with white chenille. The truest blue veilings were a novelty last season, but they are in vogue again this year, since this color has taken such a hold on popular favor that it will be almost as much in evidence as it was in the autumn.

Young women especially will follow this fashion of matching veils to costumes, for they can never have too many of these becoming trifles, nor find them too varied.

A fashion that has been very popular abroad is being taken up here to a certain extent, although it has, as yet, found few enthusiastic followers. That is the bordered veils, Brussels or Malines net, with an embroidered border of black or butter color. These veils are growing in favor, and there has been a call for them already.

These novelties are supplemented by what may be known as the standard veilings, which sell by the quantity all the year round.

There is little change in the wearing of veils; they are quite full over the face, and are fastened at the back of the hat or bonnet with a pretty, ornamental pin.

But, however they are worn, there has never been a season when the veilings were so novel, so pretty and so becoming as they are to be the coming season.

If one is going to wear a throatlet, those of soft, light ruchings are prettiest. Pink or green chiffon above a theatre waist is a dainty nest for the face, or if one can wear it, black chiffon. Throatlets or fine flowers are the evening novelty, tied in front or at the back with long, drooping ribbons. Young girls wear white chiffon ruches with black velvet bows peeping out from among the folds.

Leghorn straws are shown for spring, amorphous in the shops, but ready to be bent by the clever milliner into a demure shape for you or a wicked one for your cousin, with the help of long-headed pins. The trimming ranges from stiff aigrettes to rose garlands.

A novel gown is in marine blue ribbed [illegible] embroidad a jour in blue and steel. This border is edged by narrow bands of velvet, and the skirt is lined with lighter blue silk.

The crepon bodice is a French blouse with double box plait down the centre and droops over a full belt of blue velvet. Over this bodice is a short bolero jacket of white embroidered cloth shaped out low and round at the neck. This jacket is not open in the front, but fastens on the left shoulder and under the arm. The velvet collar band is adorned at the left side by a bunch of Parma violets. The velvet sleeves are very full but drooping leg-o'-muttons, with deep cuffs of the embroidered cloth.

Very chic is a toilet in novelty silk-and-wool cloth, a mais ground, figured with a tiny chine pattern in corn-flower blue. The cloche skirt hangs in full-rounded folds, and is edged by a narrow band of corn-flower blue velvet, knotted at intervals into small bows. This skirt is faced to a depth of ten inches with hair cloth and is lined throughout with blue silk.

The bodice is in corn-flower blue satin, over which is draped a full bodice of white white mousseline de soie, drooping slightly over the belt in front. Full epaulettes of mousseline de soie, edged with lace, fall over the tops of the large gigot sleeves, while the narrow belt and stock collar are of blue velvet.

A brown crepon has the flaring ball skirt, bordered by a bouillonne of batiste, held through the centre by a band of heavy yellow lace. This skirt is also faced but ten inches with haircloth and is lined with ecru silk. The folds may be held in place by tacking them to an elastic band, which should run all around the inside of the skirt.

The back of the bodice is plaited, broad at the shoulders, but tapering to the waist. The front is adorned by straps of heavy yellow lace extending from shoulder to waist, and separated by a full vest of batiste. Up the outer edge of each strap of lace extends a ruffle of doubled batiste, broad and very full at the shoulder, but sloping narrower to the waist line. The collar-band and belt are covered by bands of the lace, and the large gigot sleeves have lengthwise stripes of lace.

Full bands of black satin may be looped across the front, and tied in knots at either side. Taffeta silk may be substituted for the batiste, and velvet or satin for the lace. The batiste front would be pretty with bands of chine silk.

Odds and Ends.

LATEST NOVELTIES IN LAMP SHADES.

We depend so largely on lamp shades for good effects in the coloring of our rooms that their selection becomes of no little importance. Quite the newest consists of four large half moons, of a delicate pink tone, so arranged that the shade appears oblong rather than round when viewed from some positions. The moons are thinly veiled with lace, and decorated with two light group of chrysanthemums, while a deep frill of pinked-out silk is carried round the shade. Another, in the same style, is of daffodil silk and white lace, with bunches of daffodils nodding at the junction of the moons. Only a few flowers are used with rather long stems, and these are tied together far down the stem, so that each blossom stands out alone, and a very little foliage is added.

Pale pink is still the prime favorite amongst the colors, yellow coming in a good second. Striped pink gauze makes a charming shade; this is stretched plainly over pink silk. A loose twist of the gauze heads the silk frill, and divides the sections of the shade. The twist is carried round each peak of the crown, and falls in a careless loop from the extreme points of the several peaks. For ornamentation there are long-stemmed pink chrysanthemums.

On some shades various trimmings are seen. For instance, a shade of indescribable shape, covered with gold silk, is trimmed with thick silk cord. There are four separate sections in this shade, rounded at one end, pointed at the other. The points are placed outwards, and form the edge of the shade, and are surrounded with a frill, over which fall loops of cord. This is the only decoration beyond two or three bunches of single dahlias.

A shade of fluted yellow silk, with frill of pinked-out silk, has a second frill of striped gauze. Being cut on the cross and doubled, the pattern becomes a kind of irregular plaid, which looks light and pretty. A soft puffing surrounds the crown, and the collar consists of a heavily tinted silk, covered with white lace; whilst a spray of pink chestnut blossoms spreads outwards from the centre. Another can be best described as a six-sided vase, composed of pink silk wound about with rose stems, a tight shower of pale yellow and pink roses falling at one side.

For candle shades, the large begonia leaf in gauze, with the great bumble bee settling on it, which took first rank last season, is still liked, but it will doubtless be superseded by the skeletonized leaf which is most cleverly reproduced in colored gauze. Where the stem would be in nature, the leaf is gathered into plaits, and from this fulness rises a small group of flowers. White satin poppies with black centres are backed with a pale green skeletonized leaf; against a pale red leaf, stand out shaded red chrysanthemums, and the same flowers, but of a pink tint, nestle amongst the folds of a blush pink leaf. Every tiny vein of the leaves appear to be reproduced in this cobwebby material, and the delicate effect in the pale shades is really admirable.

How to Use the Napkin.—A simple thing this convenience of the table may appear to be, but it has given rise to differences of opinion and controversies of more than passing moment.

A contemporary says: One of our esteemed metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after dinner—that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not befit an invited guest.

But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is apt to be a great deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin beside the visitor's plate.

The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unostentatious care, and lay it on the left of the plate, far from the liquids and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table had been appreciated.

At the Court of the Empire Eugenie was excessively fastidious. The use of a napkin and the manner of eating an egg made or ruined the career of a [illegible] knee, to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon and drained with its tip.

The truth is, that luxury and invention push table appliances so far that few can be expected to know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any diversified society.

The way for a person to do is to keep his eyes open and when in company note what others do.

All About a Telegram.—"Has a telegram come for me, my dear?" questioned Mr. Bingo.

"Have you been expecting one?" asked Mrs. Bingo. "Oh, no, of course not," sarcastically.

"You don't suppose I would ask you that question if I expected one, do you?"

"You might, dear," said Mrs. Bingo, sweetly. "What would you say, now, if I should say that a telegram has come for you?"

"Aha! I knew it. I've been expecting that telegram all the afternoon. Where is it?" impatiently.

"I'll get it. But, dear, I thought it best to open it. You didn't mind, did you, dearest?"

"Certainly not. It's only a matter of business. From Jack Enslow, ain't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Important meeting to-night. Says I must be there, doesn't he?"

"Yes, dear."

"I knew it," said Bingo, rubbing his hands. "Well, I'll have to rush off after dinner. Sorry for you, my dear, but you know business must be attended to."

"Oh, that's all right, darling. But don't you want to see the message?"

"Why should I? You opened it, read it, like the good wife that you are, and I think that I can trust you. Jack wants me," delightedly, "that's all, and I must go."

"But there was one thing more he said, my pet."

"Oh, there was?" suspiciously. "Well, what was it?"

"He says he's got front row seats," replied Mrs. Bingo, all smiles.

Whatever may be the cause of blanching, the hair may be restored to its original color by the use of that potent remedy Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

necessities in every well-furnished home, much more attention is paid to the small details of each than was the case when they first came into fashion. There is as much thought given to the shape of the crown as to the shade itself. The prettiest are composed of four or six upstanding pieces, which bend over gracefully at the top like fern fronds. They stand very high, sometimes 7 inches or 8 inches, and are entirely detached from each other. The newest crown we have seen has four of these pieces, rounded at the top and narrowing inwards, with a pretty curve towards the collar.

Whilst yellow and pink are the popular colors, others are not infrequently used. Crimson is always liked, and eau de Nil silk, with white lace draperies, makes an exquisite shade for a drawing-room. A white shade is delightful for occasional use. It is quite worth while to have one for At Home days, as it gives a "dressy" look to a room; but, during the winter months at least, it is hardly suitable for everyday wear and tear. Shades made of white silk, and covered with filmy lace and clematis sprays, look extremely well on the dinner-table, and lend themselves to the successful carrying out of a white floral decoration.

A striking effect is gained with a bright gold silk shade, covered with very light black lace and groups of yellow poppies. Appliques of lace are sometimes seen on the silk coverings of the framework. These are shaped in long points, starting from the edge of the shade upwards.

Heliotrope and white crepes, in combination with large heliotrope poppies, make pretty shades. Even a sky blue silk shade is occasionally seen; but it would suit but very few rooms, and can hardly be recommended, as it does not cast a becoming light around.

Ribbon bows have given way almost entirely to flowers. It is strange there should be such a rage now for artificial flowers on shades when we remember that only a short time back it would have been thought a sign of downright vulgarity to deck anything in our rooms with them. Now they crop up in all sorts of places, crowning even the tea cosies on our afternoon tea trays.

The new shades for electric light are most dainty. One of these is shaped as a shell, and is made of the palest shell-pink

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Dr[illegible]

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Charlie's Luck.

BY W. S.

"ANY news from the case this morning, Hutchinson?"

This question was asked Mr. John Holbrook, senior partner of the firm of Holbrook and Hutchinson, solicitors and land agents, one certain morning, in the latter end of September, as he entered his office in the principal street of the old cathedral town of Dullminster.

His partner, Tom Hutchinson, without looking up from the papers he was reading, answered in the negative.

"Well," continued the senior member of the firm, "we must exhaust every effort to find the missing deed. There is a letter by this morning's post from Mr. Arnold, authorizing us to increase the reward to a thousand pounds."

"That ought to bring it to light, if it is in existence," said Tom Hutchinson.

And he threw down his papers, and wheeled his office chair to face Mr. Charles Wilson, aged twenty-two, with legal aspirations, who was "reading" in the office of this celebrated firm.

"Wilson,," he said, "write out another advertisement, in the Arnold case, and take it round to the 'Gazette' office."

"Yes, sir," answered the young man.

And he took a sheet of paper and began to write.

After awhile he read the following, and the firm agreed that it was the proper thing—

"To Solicitors' Clerks and Others:—Information wanted of a certain parchment deed, given by Andrew Sharp to Archibald Arnold, conveying to the said Archibald Arnold a certain plot of valuable building land, containing about five acres, more or less, situated in the City of London, said deed having been given in the year 1845. This deed was lost or stolen some fifteen years ago, and anyone furnishing information which will lead to its recovery, will receive a reward of one thousand pounds, by applying to Holbrook and Hutchinson, Solicitors, etc., Dullminster, Chalkshire."

"You'd better take it round at once," said the head of the firm.

Messrs. Holbrook and Hutchinson's articled clerk was a poor young man—poor—but he had a stout heart and great ambition, and although he found it a serious matter to make both ends meet, he was studying very hard to perfect himself for his profession, after which auspicious event, he felt that all would be plain sailing.

He had rosy dreams sometimes of a future after fame and wealth should have fallen to his share, and the central figure of these dreams was pretty Madge Bevan, who was nearly as poor as himself, and whom he had loved ever since he was a boy at school.

"If I could find the missing deed," he thought, as he hurried to the newspaper office, "all would be well. A thousand pounds would give me a good start in life, and I could make dear Madge happy, and lift the burden of the support of her mother from her frail shoulders. I shall be admitted to practice on my own account next term, and it will be pretty up-hill work at first, unless I have a reserve capital. By-the-way," he muttered aloud, "I promised Madge to take tea with them this evening."

Charlie Wilson had expended a great deal of thought on the most important factor in the great land case of Arnold vs. Sharp, the missing deed to the immensely valuable lot of building land, and for the past month he had spent his idle moments visiting marine stores, in the faint hope of somewhere running across the parchment.

In the course of his search he had overhauled tons of old paper, but so far he could discover not the slightest trace of the missing document, and hundreds of others who had been tempted by the large reward offered for its discovery, were equally unsuccessful.

To-day he thought more about the deed than he did of Coke and Blackstone, and was so restless and pre-occupied that when the clock struck three he laid aside his books and left the office.

Mrs. Bevan and her pretty daughter lived in an old farm-house in the suburbs of Dullminster.

Madge was employed as a copyist in a private firm, and usually finished her day's work at four o'clock.

Until that hour, Charlie paced slowly up and down the pavement in front of the tall building where she worked.

They walked home together, and Charlie of course spoke of the missing deed.

They amused themselves with discussing what they would do with the reward, supposing they should chance to find the important document, and were talking in this ridiculous strain when they reached Madge's home.

"Tea is ready," says Mrs. Bevan, greeting Charlie, kindly, "and I've opened a jar of my home made strawberry jam just for your benefit."

"I know it's excellent," said Charlie; and he seated himself beside Madge.

While Mrs. Bevan poured out the tea he removed the cover of the jam-pot. Suddenly he turned pale, his lower jaw dropped, and he sat gazing fixedly like one spellbound.

"Are you ill, Charlie?" cried Madge, springing to her feet.

"You haven't come upon one of those nasty beetles!" exclaimed Mrs. Bevan, suspending the teapot in mid air.

"No, no!" gasped Charlie, after a time. "It's nothing. I shall be all right directly. It's—it's the thousand pounds!"

He seized the piece of parchment that had covered the jam-pot, and bending over, began to decipher the written characters upon it.

"'Witness this my hand—Andrew Sharp—witness!'" he muttered, and then raised his head and turned to Madge, who was bending over his chair, with a glad light in his blue eyes. "I've found it, dear!" he cried.

"What?"

"A part of the missing deed, and now, if we can trace the rest," he cried, excitedly, "our fortune's made!"

"Mercy on us!" gasped Madge, beginning to cry, in her bewilderment.

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Mrs. Bevan, and in her excitement she dropped the teapot to the floor, smashing it into bits. "Madge," she finally managed to say, "the rest of the jars are in the cellar, on the swinging shelf."

Charlie dashed down the cellar stairs, and there, on a shelf in the middle of the cellar, were two dozen crockery jars, lacking one, each with a piece of parchment tied over it for a cover.

"Take them upstairs!" he ordered to as he could carry.

When they were placed on the table he removed the covers.

It was an anxious moment, and his hand trembled as he fitted the bits together.

At last the thing took definite shape. Not a line was wanting. A few of the "whereas," and "provided also's" were a trifle sticky, and a few of the words had lost a letter or two, but the main points were all there, and Charlie Wilson fairly danced with glee.

"Where did you get it?" he asked turning to Mrs. Bevan.

"I had no idea the paper was of any value," answered that good lady, "and I selected it from a number that I found in the attic, because it was parchment. They were there when we moved into the house, and I expect they were left by Mr. Arnold, the owner of the property, when he moved out."

"Arnold—" began Charlie.

"Yes—Mr. Archibald Arnold. He owns this house and land, but the property is managed by an agent."

"That explains it," said the young man. "Mr. Archibald Arnold is the plaintiff in the suit."

"Well, I'm glad it's found, although they were excellent covers. Sit down and eat your tea."

"I can't stop," cried Charlie, reaching for his hat.

He put the precious covers into his pocket, and proceeded, with all possible speed, to the office of Holbrook and Hutchinson.

His employers had not yet gone home, and Charlie laid the disjointed document before them on the big office table.

One glance convinced them that their clerk had secured the long-lost deed, and the good news was telegraphed to their client, who came on the next day, and told him the story.

At its close he drew a check for a thousand pounds payable to Charlie's order, and the following month Charlie and Madge were married.

Mr. Arnold won his suit, and one day paid a visit to the old homestead where Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bevan still lived.

They received the rich man very graciously, and he helped to eat some of the strawberry jam.

"That paper," he said, at parting, "was worth a hundred times a thousand pounds to me."

A few days afterwards a letter was received addressed to Mrs. Charles Wilson, inclosing a very kind note and a deed to the old farm-house and the plot of ground in the centre of which it stood, "given," as the letter read, "in token of my appreciation of the great service you have rendered me."

Charlie is quite a distinguished solicitor now, and every year his wife sends a jar of strawberry jam to Mr. Archibald Arnold.

LANGUAGE IN A DOG'S TAIL.—In the case of all hunting-dogs, such as fox hounds or wolves, which pack together, the tail is carried aloft, and is very free in movement. It is also frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are of mixed color.

When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle, the raised tips of the tails would often be all that an individual member of the band would see of its fellows. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert.

If a faint drag is detected suggestive of the presence of a fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others, seeing the signal, quickly join the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before even the least whimper is heard.

Should the drag prove a doubtful one, the hounds separate again, and the waving ceases; but, if it grows stronger when followed up, the wagging becomes more and more emphatic, until one after another the hounds begin to whine and give tongue, and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent.

When the pack is in full cry upon a strong scent, the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view. The moment when the dog most enjoys life is the moment when he sights game. That moment is the time when when he wags his tail most vigorously in order to announce his discovery to his fellow-dogs.

In this way, by the habit of association, more vigorously he wags his tail, so that the wagging of a dog's tail under pleasurable emotion can be traced directly to the time when the dog used his tail as a signal of the discovery of his prey.

CLEANING TIN WARE.—Acids should never be employed to clean tin ware, because they attack the metal, and remove it from the iron of which it forms a thin coat. We refer to articles made of tin plate, which consists of iron covered with tin. Rub the article first with rotten-stone and sweet oil, then finish with whitening and a piece of soft leather. Articles made wholly of tin should be cleaned in the same manner. In a dry atmosphere polished tin ware will remain bright for a long period, but it soon becomes tarnished by moist air.

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A good round figure—The fat woman's at the museum.

A pair of opera glasses—Two drinks between the acts.

When a girl turns her best young man down, she usually turns the gas up.

When the weather forecaster predicts a cold wave that doesn't come, it may be referred to as a signal failure.

Jimmy: "Come on; let's run across the street." Tommy: "Wait a minute! There ain't any trolley car comin' now!"

"Is young Jimkins improving in his violin work?" "I dunno. Either he's improvin' or we're gettin' used to it."

Tommy: "Father, what are Lords?" Father: "They are certain persons of the English nobility." Tommy: "And are their children angels?"

Blobbs: "What's the difference between gloves and policemen?" Slobbs: "Give it up." Blobbs: "Well, gloves are usually on hand."

"Keep your troubles to yourself," says an old cynic; "when you tell them, you are taking up the time of the man who is waiting to tell his."

Mr. Goodby: "My little man, do you know this is Sunday?" Little man: "Well, what would I be havin' my skates along with me for if I didn't?"

"The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears." "Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."

Junior: 'So you didn't propose to her, after all?" Wood: "No; and I'm not going to. When I got to her house I found her chasing a mouse with a broom."

Teacher: "Suppose you had 30 dollars, and gave 20 dollars away, how would you ascertain how many you had left?" Bright boy: "I'd count them."

Wigwag, who has been suffering torture in the barber's chair: "I wish you were [illegible] razor." Barber: "[illegible] but [illegible] nodn patter many wet [illegible]."

Chance visitor: "And this is your City Council? Are there many business men in it?" Resident: "Business men? They're all here for business!"

Gas man, to consumer: "Well, Mr. Childers, if you expect your gas bill to be smaller, you should use more economy." Consumer: "And what do you charge for that?"

Farmer Chubbs: "That gal you got from the city, M'randy, don't know anthin'." M'randy, sadly: "I know that, Zach. But she ought to. I got her at one o' them intelligence offices."

Blobbs: "I sent a dollar the other day to a man who advertised to give information on how to save money." Slobbs: "What was it?" Blobbs: "He wrote back and told me not to send any more."

"Madam, would you kindly subscribe something for the missions in Africa? The money will be used for the conversion of heathen children." "Very well; you may have a few children converted, and send the bill to me."

Jimson: "How do you know that Senator Cashit spent a fortune in trying to get elected?" Wood: "How? Because when he was beaten he flew into a rage, and in a violent fit of civic virtue denounced his rival for corrupting the Legislature."

Party, who has brought back the "music" stool in disgust: "Look 'ere, Mister Auctioneer, this plaguey thing aint no manner of use at all. I've twisted it round, and my old woman 'av' twisted it round, but sorra a bit of toon we can get *out of* it."

Dimpleton: "My father-in-law has a birthday next week, and I must give him something." Briggs: "Have you decided what it shall be?" "Yes; I think I shall send him a motto with the words, 'The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver!'"

Miss Backbay, of Boston, at the telephone: "Who is it?" Mr. Southchurch: "It's me—your fiance." Miss Backbay, coldly: "You are my fiance no longer. I cannot trust my life's happiness to a man who says, 'It's me!' Farewell, forever!"

Tramp: "Mister, I'm a loaferin' vagabond, an' I'm not askin' you to waste any good money on me, but——" Impatient citizen: "Well, what is it you want?" "But if you've got any Canadian 10 cent pieces you can pass 'em on me, mister. I'm no street car conductor."

"Jedge," said the colored witness, "I wish you please, sah, make that lawyer stop pesterin' me!"

"But he has a right to question you."

"Dat may be, Jedge, but I'se got a kinder rattlin' in my head, en of he worry me much, fust t'ing you know I'll tell de truth 'bout dis matter!"

QUEEN VICTORIA.—The Queen does much work which never appears to the public view. In one year she has read not less than twenty-eight thousand despatches. Every day the sealed boxes are brought to her wherever she is, boxes filled with government documents and the daily report of the Prime Minister duties constrain Her Majesty to follow strictly her own routine, from which she is loth to deviate. She is in constant communication with her Cabinet Ministers, and, as Melbourne, Palmerston, Disraeli and Gladstone have often proved, she displays rare ability and discriminating tact in the handling of the most delicate and important matters of public business.

Her hand had signed more state papers, with larger results, than any other swaying the rod of empire to day. It has been reverently kissed by men and women whose names will live for many generations—by Wellington and Macaulay, by Peel and Tennyson, by Peabody and Lowell, and thousands of the gifted, the generous, the brave and the fair who have moved through the pure halls of her court.

The Queen when young was somewhat hasty tempered, and even now the native fire of her ancestry flashes up at intervals for a brief space. Her life and character met their saving balance in her consort, Albert the Good, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. "He reverenced his conscience as his king, and made his glory the redressing of human wrong."

For Victoria the light of life vanished when the Prince Consort died. She knew to the full his value as her chief adviser, but she also knew, and with a knowledge no one else shared, that though she was earth's greatest monarch, the awful loneliness of a solitary pathway stretched before her, a loneliness which could end only with the ending of death. She cast herself across the bed where Prince Albert had lain and piteously cried, "There is no one near me to call me Victoria now."

FACE SLIPPED.—Charlie, a bright four-year-old, although a good boy as boys go, sometimes gives occasion for serious reproof from his mother. On a recent occasion of this sort Charlie began looking rather sour, when his mother took him to [illegible] Charlie, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother." Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted. "Why, I meant to laugh, but, mamma, my face slipped."

THE Empress Catherine, noticing that the beautiful Mlle. Potocka, who had lately come to court, had no pearls, immediately commanded a fancy dress ball, to which the girl was bidden to come as a milkmaid. Then, while Mlle. Potocka was dancing, the Empress dipped a superb necklace of pearls into the pail she carried, and at her exclamation of wonder, said: "It is only the milk, which has curdled."

TAILOR: "You promised me faithfully yesterday morning that you would call in and settle for that suit last night, if it rained pitchforks." Gus de Smith: "Yes, I know; but it didn't rain pitchforks."

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 8.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 8.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

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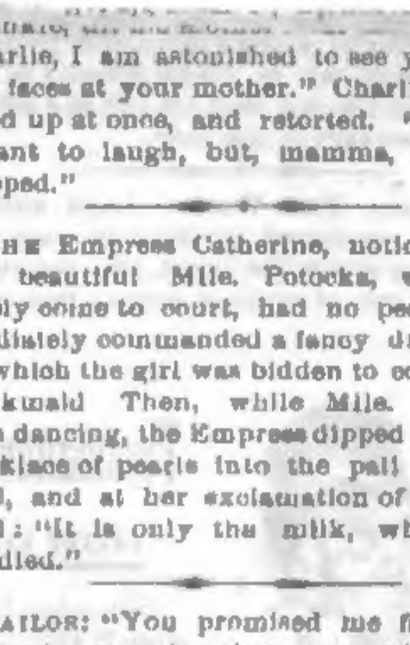

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